

MADAM BUTTERFLY

OPERA IN THREE ACTS

*Founded on the book by John L. Long
and
the drama by David Belasco*

ITALIAN LIBRETTO BY
L. ILLICA AND G. GIACOSA

English Version by R. H. ELKIN

MUSIC BY
G. PUCCINI



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CHARACTERS

MADAM BUTTERLY (<i>Cho-Cho-San</i>)	<i>Soprano</i>	
SUZUKI (<i>Cho-Cho-San's Servant</i>)	<i>Mezzo-Soprano</i>	
KATE PINKERTON	<i>Mezzo-Soprano</i>	
B. F. PINKERTON (<i>Lieutenant in the United States Navy</i>)	<i>Tenor</i>	
SHARPLESS (<i>United States Consul at Nagasaki</i>)	<i>Baritone</i>	
GORO (<i>a Marriage Broker</i>)	<i>Tenor</i>	
PRINCE YAMADORI	<i>Baritone</i>	
THE BONZE (<i>Cho-Cho-San's Uncle</i>)	<i>Bass</i>	
YAKUSIDE	<i>Baritone</i>	
THE IMPERIAL COMMISSIONER	<i>Bass</i>	
THE OFFICIAL REGISTRAR	<i>Baritone</i>	} <i>Members of the Chorus</i>
CHO-CHO-SAN'S MOTHER	<i>Mezzo-Soprano</i>	
THE AUNT	<i>Mezzo-Soprano</i>	
THE COUSIN	<i>Soprano</i>	
TROUBLE (<i>Cho-Cho-San's Child</i>)	—	

Cho-Cho-San's Relations and Friends — Servants

AT NAGASAKI — PRESENT DAY

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ARGUMENT

ACT I

LIEUTENANT B. F. PINKERTON, of the United States Navy, is about to contract a "Japanese Marriage" with Cho-Cho-San, known among her friends as BUTTERFLY. When the curtain rises he is being shown over the little house on the hill, which he has leased at Nagasaki and is about to occupy with his Japanese wife. GORO, the nakodo or marriage broker, who has arranged the match, has also found him the house and is enjoying PINKERTON's surprise and pleasure at the ingenious contrivances of the building. PINKERTON is then introduced to the three Japanese servants, one of whom is SUZUKI, BUTTERFLY's faithful maid. His friend SHARPLESS, the American Consul, arrives, and the two men settle down to an intimate chat. SHARPLESS looks upon PINKERTON's projected alliance with disfavour, and begs him to reflect before taking the step. He urges that what is a mere pastime to PINKERTON may be a very serious matter — a matter of life or death — to the Japanese girl. PINKERTON laughs at his friend's apprehensions, and their discussion is interrupted by the arrival of the bride and her friends. Greetings are interchanged; SHARPLESS takes the opportunity of getting into conversation with BUTTERFLY and is more than ever convinced that she is taking her marriage very seriously. That his misgivings are not groundless is soon proved, for in a pretty interview with PINKERTON, BUTTERFLY confides to him that she has, secretly and quite unknown to her relations, renounced her faith, the faith of her forefathers, before entering on her new life with him; a step which means cutting herself adrift from all her old associations and belongings, and entrusting her future entirely to her husband.

The relations arrive, together with the Japanese officials, and the marriage contract is signed with due ceremony. While the guests are joyfully drinking the newly-wedded pair's health, a weird figure suddenly appears on the scene, shouting and cursing wildly. It is BUTTERFLY's uncle, the Bonze (Japanese priest), who has discovered her renunciation of faith and has come to curse her for it. He insists on all her relations, including her mother, renouncing her for ever; whereupon PINKERTON, annoyed at the disturbance, turns the whole lot out of his house, and they depart, shaking the air with their imprecations. BUTTERFLY is left weeping bitterly, and PINKERTON proceeds to comfort his poor little Japanese wife. He soon woos her back to smiles and happiness, and a passionate love scene follows. And so we leave this strangely-assorted pair on the threshold of their life together.

ACT II

Three years have passed. PINKERTON has long since been recalled to America, promising his little wife to return to her "when the robins nest." The curtain rises on a sadder and wiser SUZUKI, praying against all conviction for PINKERTON's return, and on a faithful, ever-trusting, never-doubting BUTTERFLY. She declines to listen to SUZUKI's misgivings: "'Tis *faith* you are lacking!" she says, and in most touching language she draws a vivid picture of PINKERTON's speedy return: "This will all come to pass just as I tell you. Banish your idle fears, for he'll return, I know it!"

She is interrupted by a visit from the Consul SHARPLESS, who has been entrusted by PINKERTON with a very cruel task, viz., to break to BUTTERFLY the news that he is returning to Nagasaki, but that he is now married — really married this time! — to an American wife. But with the best intentions, SHARPLESS is unable to deliver his message. The very sight of a letter from PINKERTON throws BUTTERFLY into such a transport of excitement and joy that she is unable to listen to its contents. He has written, he has remembered her, and of course he must be returning! Then they are disturbed

by a visit from YAMADORI, a wealthy Japanese suitor, whom GORO is urging BUTTERFLY to marry. She is very indignant. "How can I marry him?" she protests, "when I am already married?" And when GORO and SHARPLESS, appalled at her blindness, suggests that PINKERTON's desertion of her constitutes divorce, she proudly tells them: "That may be Japanese law, but not the law of *my* country, America!" It is a hopeless task to try and undeceive a faith such as hers. After YAMADORI has taken his departure, SHARPLESS makes one more attempt to open her eyes to the truth, but she silences him once for all by fetching in her baby boy, a blue-eyed, fair-haired replica of PINKERTON. "Look," she says, with maternal pride, "can such as *this* well be forgotten? When PINKERTON hears what a fine son is waiting for him, will he not hasten back to Japan?" And the poor Consul has reluctantly to take his leave without having achieved his mission.

He has hardly gone before the harbour cannons announce the arrival of a man-of-war. Their eyes dim with happy tears, their hands shaking with excitement so that they can hardly hold the telescope, BUTTERFLY and SUZUKI discover it is PINKERTON's ship, the *Abraham Lincoln*! Now BUTTERFLY's transports know no bounds. She has proved herself right! Her faith is rewarded! Her husband is returning to her! She and SUZUKI decorate the little home with flowers until it is a very bower. She and the baby are adorned in their very best, and then she stations herself, SUZUKI and the baby in front of three holes she has pierced in the *Shoji*, there to watch for PINKERTON's arrival. As night falls, SUZUKI and the baby drop off to sleep. The curtain falls on the pathetic picture of BUTTERFLY, rigid and motionless, waiting and watching in unshaken faith for the return of the husband who has forsaken her. . . .

ACT III

. . . . The weary night has passed, and the breaking dawn discovers SUZUKI and the baby fast asleep while BUTTERFLY still stands waiting, watching. The sunshine awakes SUZUKI, who persuades BUTTERFLY to go and rest, promising to call her as soon as PINKERTON arrives. Hardly has BUTTERFLY gone up with her baby than PINKERTON and SHARPLESS appear on the scene. SUZUKI's joyful surprise is soon changed to consternation when she finds that PINKERTON is accompanied by a strange lady — his wife! PINKERTON, surrounded by proofs of BUTTERFLY's unbroken faith and devotion, now at last realizes the truth of the Consul's warnings and the heartlessness of his own conduct. Overcome by remorse and the anguish of the situation, he rushes away, leaving SHARPLESS to arrange things as best he can. The Consul has hard work to pacify SUZUKI. At last he persuades her to break the news to her poor little mistress and to try and induce her to give up her baby to MRS. PINKERTON, who will bestow a mother's care on it. Before SUZUKI has time to prevent her, BUTTERFLY comes down, radiantly expecting to find her husband, and in a scene, the pathos of which cannot well be surpassed, she learns the terrible truth. She bears the blow with a gentle dignity more touching than any lamentation. She even wishes the "real American wife" every happiness, and sends PINKERTON a message that she herself will "find peace," and that he shall have his son if he will come and fetch him himself in half an hour's time. And then SHARPLESS and MRS. PINKERTON withdraw and leave the poor little girl alone with her broken heart.

But when, in half an hour's time, PINKERTON and SHARPLESS return to keep their appointment, the faithful little broken heart has ceased to beat. BUTTERFLY has killed herself with her father's sword, the blade of which bears the inscription:

"To die with honour
When one can no longer live with honour."

R. H. ELKIN

ATTO PRIMO

Colina presso Nagasaki

Casa giapponese, terrazza e giardino. In fondo, al basso, la rada, il porto, la città di Nagasaki.

Pinkerton e Goro

GORO *fa visitare la casa a PINKERTON, che passa di sorpresa in sorpresa.*

Pinkerton

E soffitto... e pareti...

Goro

(godendo della sorpresa)

Vanno e vengono a prova
a norma che vi giova
nello stesso locale
alternar nuovi aspetti ai consueti,

Pinkerton

(cercando intorno)

Il nido nuziale
dov'è?

Goro

(accennando a due locali)

Qui, o là!... secondo...

ACT I

Hill Near Nagasaki

A Japanese house, terrace and garden. Below, in the background, the bay, the harbour and the town of Nagasaki.

Pinkerton and Goro

GORO *is showing* PINKERTON *over the house.* PINKERTON *passes from one surprise to another.*

Pinkerton

And the walls — and the ceiling —

Goro

(enjoying his surprise)

They will come and will go,
Just as it may suit your fancy
To exchange or to vary
New and old in the same surroundings.

Pinkerton

(looking around)

The marriage-chamber,
Where is it?

Goro

(pointing in two directions)

Here, or there! — according —

MADAMA BUTTERFLY

Pinkerton

Anch'esso a doppio fondo!
La sala?

Goro

(mostra la terrazza)

Ecco!

Pinkerton

(stupito)

All'aperto?...

Goro

(mostrando il chiudersi d'una parete)

Un fianco scorre...

Pinkerton

Capisco! Un altro...

Goro

Scivola!

Pinkerton

E la dimora frivola...

Goro

(protestando)

Salda come una torre
da terra, infino al tetto.

Pinkerton

È una casa a soffietto.

Goro

(batte tre volte le mani palma a palma; entrano due uomini ed una donna e si genuflettono innanzi a Pinkerton)

Questa è la cameriera
che della vostra sposa
fu già serva amorosa.

(accennando)

Il cuoco — il servitor. Sono confusi
del grande onore.

Pinkerton

I nomi?

MADAM BUTTERFLY

Pinkerton

A wonderful contrivance!
The hall?

Goro

(showing the terrace)

Behold!

Pinkerton

(amazed)

In the open?

Goro

(making a partition slide out)

A wall slides outward —

Pinkerton

I see now! Another —

Goro

Runs along!

Pinkerton

And so the fairy dwelling —

Goro

Springs like a tow'r from nowhere,
Complete from base to attic! —

Pinkerton

It comes and goes by magic!

Goro

(claps his hand loudly twice: enter two men and a woman, who go down on their hands and knees in front of Pinkerton)

This is the trusty handmaid,
Who waits upon your wife,
Faithful and devoted.
The cook — the servant. They're embarrass'd
At such great honour.

Pinkerton

Their names?

MADAMA BUTTERFLY

Goro

(presentando) •

Miss *Nuvola leggiera* —

Raggio di sol nascente. — *Esala aromi*

Pinkerton

Nomi di scherno o scherzo.

Io li chiamerò: musi!

(indicando)

Muso primo, secondo, e muso terzo.

Suzuki

(fatta ardita)

Sorride Vostro Onore? —

Il riso è frutto e fiore.

Disse il savio Ocunama:

dei crucci la trama

smaglia il sorriso. Schiude alla perla il guscio,

apre all'uom l'uscio

del Paradiso.

Profumo degli Dei...

Fontana della vita...

(Goro accorgendosi che Pinkerton comincia ad essere infastidito dalla loquela di Suzuki batte le mani, — I tre si alzano e fuggono rapidamente rientrando in casa).

Pinkerton

A chiacchiere costei

mi par cosmopolita.

(a Goro andato in fondo ad osservare)

Che guardi?

Goro

Se non giunge ancor la posa.

Pinkerton

Tutto è pronto?

Goro

Ogni cosa.

Pinkerton

Gran perla di sensale!

MADAM BUTTERFLY

Goro

(introducing them)

*"Miss Gentle-Breeze-of-Morning. —
Ray-of-the-golden-sun. — Sweet-scented-pine-tree."*

Pinkerton

Foolishly chosen nicknames!
I will call them: scarecrows!

(pointing to them one by one)

Scarecrow first; scarecrow second; and scarecrow
third!

Suzuki

(grown bolder)

Your Honour deigns to smile? —
Your smile is fair as flowers.
Thus spake the wise Ogunama:
A smile conquers all, and defies
Ev'ry trouble. Pearls may be won by smiling
Smiles can ope the portals
Of Paradise.
The Perfume of the Gods —
The Fountain of Life —

(Goro, perceiving that Pinkerton begins to be bored at Suzuki's loquacity, claps his hands thrice. The three rise and quickly disappear into the house)

Pinkerton

When they begin to talk,
Alike I find all women.

(to Goro who has gone to the back to look out)

Why look you?

Goro

Watching for the bride's arrival.

Pinkerton

All is ready?

Goro

Ev'ry detail.

Pinkerton

You shining light of brokers!

MADAMA BUTTERFLY

Goro

(ringrazia con profondo inchino)

Qui verranno: l'Ufficiale
del registro, i parenti, il vostro Console,
la fidanzata. Qui si firma l'atto
e il matrimonio è fatto.

Pinkerton

E son molti i parenti?

Goro

La suocera, la nonna, lo zio Bonzo
(che non ci degnerà di sua presenza)
e cugini! e cugine...
Mettiam fra gli ascendenti
ed i collaterali, un due dozzine.
Quanto alla discendenza...

(con malizia ossequiosa)

provvederanno assai
Vostra Grazia e la bella Butterfly.
(si ode la voce di Sharpless il Console, che sale il colle)

La Voce di Sharpless

(un po' lontano)

E suda e arrampica!
e sbuffa e inciampica!
— Erta letale!

Goro

(che è accorso al fondo, annuncia a Pinkerton)

— il Consol sale.

Sharpless

(appare sbuffando: Goro si prosterna innanzi al Console)

Ah!... quei viottoli
irti di ciottoli
m'hanno sfacciato!

Pinkerton

(va incontro a Sharpless — i due si stringono la mano)

Bene arrivato.

Sharpless

Ouff!

MADAM BUTTERFLY

Goro

(thanks with a deep bow)

There will come: the official registrar,
The relations, your country's Consul,
Your future wife. Here you'll sign the contract,
And solemnize the marriage.

Pinkerton

Are there many relations?

Goro

Her mother, grandam, and the Bonzè, her uncle,
(Who'll scarcely honour us with his appearance)
Her cousins, male and female —
Of ancestors I reckon, and other blood relations,
A round two dozen.
As to the descendants —

(with obsequious presumption)

That may be left, I reckon,

To your Honour and the fair Butterfly —

(the voice of the Consul Sharpless, who is climbing the hill, is heard)

The Voice of Sharpless

(rather far off)

A plague on this steep ascent!
Stumbling, and spluttering —

Goro

(who has run to the back, announces)

Here comes the Consul.

Sharpless

(enters, quite out of breath. Goro bows low before him)

Ah! the scramble up
Has left me breathless!

Pinkerton

(goes to meet the Consul: they shake hands)

Good-day, friend! Welcome!

Sharpless

Ough!

MADAMA BUTTERFLY

Pinkerton

Presto Goro
qualche ristoro.
(Goro entra in casa frettoloso)

Sharpless

(guardando intorno)

Alto.

Pinkerton

(mostrandogli il panorama)

Ma bello!

Sharpless

(contemplando il mare e la città sottoposti)

Nagasaki, il mare!
il porto...

Pinkerton

(accennando alla casa)

e una casetta
che obbedisce a bacchetta.

Sharpless

Vostra?

Pinkerton

La comperai
per novecento novantanove anni,
con facoltà, ogni mese,
di rescindere i patti.
Sono in questo paese
elastici del par, case e contratti.

Sharpless

E l'uomo esperto ne profitta.

(Goro viene frettoloso dalla casa, seguito dai due servi; portano bicchieri, bottiglie e due poltrone di vimini; depongono bicchieri e bottiglie su di un piccolo tavolo e tornano in casa)

Certo

Dovunque al mondo il yankee vagabondo
si gode e traffica
sprezzando i rischi.

MADAM BUTTERFLY

Pinkerton

Quickly, Goro,
Fetch some refreshments.
(Goro hurries into the house)

Sharpless

(looking about)

Lofty!

Pinkerton

(showing him the view)

But lovely!

Sharpless

(looking at the sea and the town below)

Nagasaki — the ocean —
The harbor —

Pinkerton

(pointing to the house)

This is a dwelling
Which is managed by magic.

Sharpless

Yours?

Pinkerton

I bought this house
For nine hundred and ninety-nine years,
But with the option, at every month,
To cancel the contract!
I must say, in this country
The houses and the contracts are elastic!

Sharpless

The man of bus'ness profits by it.

(Goro comes bustling out of the house, followed by the two servants. They bring glasses, bottles and two wicker lounges; place the glasses and bottles on a small table, and return to the house)

Pinkerton

(inviting him to be seated)

Surely.

The whole world over,
On bus'ness and pleasure bent
The Yankee travels, all dangers scorning.

MADAMA BUTTERFLY

Affonda l'ancora alla ventura
finchè una raffica...

(Pinkerton's interrompe per offrire da bere a Sharpless)

Milk-Punch, o Wiskey?

(riprende)

... scompigli nave, ormeggi, alberatura.
La vita ei non appaga
se non fa suo tesor
le stelle d'ogni cielo
i fiori d'ogni plaga,
d'ogni bella gli amor.

Sharpless

È un facile vangelo
che fa la vita vaga
ma che intristisce il cuor.

Pinkerton

(continuando)

Vinto si tuffa e la sorte riacciuffa.
Il suo talento
fa in ogni dove.
Così mi sposo all'uso giapponese
per novecento
novantanove
anni, Salvo a prosciogliermi ogni mese.
"America forever!"

Sharpless

Ed è bella
la sposa?

Goro

(che ha udito, si avvanza premuroso ed insinuante)

Una ghirlanda
di fior freschi, Una stella
dai raggi d'oro.
E per nulla; sol cento
yen.

(al Console)

Se la Grazia Vostra mi comanda
ce n'ho un assortimento.

(il Console ridendo, ringrazia)

MADAM BUTTERFLY

His anchor boldly he casts at random —
Until a sudden squall —

(breaking off to offer Sharpless a drink)

Milk punch or whisky?

(resuming)

Upsets his ship, then up go sails and rigging;
And life is not worth living
If he can't win the best
And fairest of each country,
The heart of each fair maid!

Sharpless

That's an easy-going gospel
Which makes life very pleasant,
But is fatal in the end —

Pinkerton

(continuing)

Fate cannot crush him, he tries again undaunted,
No one and nothing
Breaks his plucky spirit.
And so I'm marrying in Japanese fashion,
Tied for nine hundred
And ninety-nine years,
Free, though, to annul the marriage monthly.
"America forever!"

Sharpless

Is the bride very pretty?

Goro

(who has overheard, approaches the terrace officiously)

Fair as a garland
Of fragrant flowers! Brighter
Than a star in the heavens!
And for nothing: one hundred
Yen.

(to the Consul)

If your Augustness will entrust me,
I have a fine selection?

(the Consul laughingly declines)

MADAMA BUTTERFLY

Pinkerton

(con viva impazienza)

Va, conducila Goro.

(Goro corre in fondo e scompare discendendo il colle: i due servi rientrano in casa Pinkerton e Sharpless siedono).

Sharpless

Quale smania vi prende!
Sareste addirittura
cotto?

Pinkerton

Non so! Dipende.
dal grado di cottura!
Amore o grillo — donna o gingilo
dir non saprei — Certo colei
m'ha colle ingenue — arti invescato.
Lieve qual tenue — vetro soffiato
alla statura — al portamento
sembra figura — da paravento.
Ma dal suo lucido — fondo di lacca
come con subito — moto si stacca,
qual farfalletta — svolazza e posa
con tal grazietta — silenzioza
che di rincorrerla — furor m'assale
se pure infrangerne — dovessi l'ale.

Sharpless

(seriamente e bonario)

Ier l'altro, il Consolato
sen' venne a visitar!
Io non la vidi, ma l'udii parlar.
Di sua voce il mistero
l'anima mi colpi.
Certo quando è sincero
l'amor parla così.
Sarebbe gran peccato
le lievi ali strappar
e desolar forse un credulo cuor.
Quella — divina
mite — vocina
non dovrebbe dar note di dolor.

MADAM BUTTERFLY

Pinkerton

(very impatiently)

Go and fetch her, Goro.

(Goro runs to the back and disappears down the hill)

Sharpless

What folly has seized you!
D' you think you are
Intoxicated?

Pinkerton

(rises impatiently. Sharpless rises also)

May be! Depends

On what you call intoxication!
Is't love or fancy, maid or myth —
I cannot tell you — all that I know is
She, with her innocent charm, has entranc'd me.
Almost transparently fragile and slender,
Dainty in stature, quaint little figure,
Seems to have stepped down
Straight from a screen. —
But from her background of varnish and lacquer —
Suddenly, light as a feather she flutters,
And, like a butterfly, hovers and settles,
With so much charm and such seductive graces,
That to pursue her a wild wish seized me —
Though in the quest her frail wings should be broken.

Sharpless

(seriously and kindly)

The other day, she came up
To call at the Consulate!
I did not see her, but I heard her speak.
And the mystery of her voice
Touched my very soul.
Surely love that is pure and true speaks like that.
It were indeed sad pity
To tear those dainty wings,
And perchance to torment a trusting heart.
No cry of anguish should e'er be uttered
By that gentle and trusting little voice.

MADAMA BUTTERFLY

Pinkerton

Console mio garbato,
quietatevi! Si sa,
la vostra età è di flebile umor.
Non c'è gran male
s'io vo' quell'ale
dizzar ai dolci voli dell'amor!

(offre di nuovo da bere)

Wiskey?

Sharpless

Un altro bicchiere.

(Pinkerton colma anche il proprio bicchiere)

Bevo alla vostra famiglia lontana.

Pinkerton

(leva il calice)

E al giorno in cui mi sposerò con vere
nozze, a una vera sposa... americana.

Goro

(riappare correndo, venendo dal basso della collina)

Ecco! Son giunte al sommo del pendio.

(accennando verso il sentiero)

Già del femminile sciame
qual di vento in fogliame
s'ode il brusìo.

Voce di Butterfly

Ancora un passo or via.

Altre Voci

Come sei tarda.

Ecco la vetta. —

— Aspetta. —

— Guarda, guarda.

Voce di Butterfly

Spira sul mare o sulla
terra un primaveril soffio giocondo.
Io sono la fanciulla
più lieta del Giappone, anzi del mondo.

MADAM BUTTERFLY

Pinkerton

Dearly beloved Consul,
Allay your fears! We know
Men of your age look on life with mournful eyes.
No harm I reckon these wings to raise,
And guide them to the tender flights of love!

(offers him more drink)

Whisky?

Sharpless

Yes, mix me another.

(Pinkerton fills up his own glass as well)

Here's to your friends and relations at home.

Pinkerton

(raising his glass)

And to the day on which I'll wed
In real marriage — a real American wife!

Goro

(reappears running breathlessly up the hill)

See them! they've climbed the summit of the hill!

(pointing towards the path)

A crowd of women hustling,
Like the wind in branches rustling,
Here they come bustling!

(The confused and lively hubbub of many voices is heard from the path. Pinkerton and Sharpless retire to the back of the garden, watching the path on the hill)

Butterfly's Voice

There's one step more to climb.

Other Voices

How long you tarry — here is the summit —
One moment — look, oh look!

Butterfly's Voice

Across the earth and o'er the ocean
Balmy breeze and scent of Spring are blowing —
I am the happiest maiden,
The happiest in Japan —
In all the world.

MADAMA BUTTERFLY

Dalle vie, dalle ville
la città colle mille
sue voci mi saluta,
Amiche, io son venuta
al richiamo d'amor
nelle grandiose soglie
ove tutto s'accoglie
il bene di chi vive e di chi muor.

Le Amiche

Gioia a te sia
dolce amica, ma pria
di varcare la soglia che ti attira
volgiti indietro e mira
le cose tutte che ti son sì care.
Quanti fior! Quanto cielo! Quanto mare!

Sharpless

O allegro cinguettar di gioventù!

(Appaiono, superato il pendio della collina, Butterfly colle amiche, tutte hanno grandi ombrelli aperti, a vivi colori).

Butterfly

Siam giunte.

(vede il gruppo dei tre uomini e riconosce Pinkerton. Chiude subito l'ombrello e pronta addita Pinkerton alle amiche)

B. F. Pinkerton. Giù. (si genuflette)

Le Amiche

(chiudono gli ombrelli e si genuflettono)

Giù.

(poi tutte si alzano e si avvicinano a Pinkerton, cerimoniosamente)

Butterfly

Gran ventura

Le Amiche

Riverenza.

Pinkerton

(sorridente)

È un po' dura
la scalata?

MADAM BUTTERFLY

From ev'ry nook and corner
The city sends me greeting
With a thousand voices.
Friends, I have obeyed
The summons of love,
Upon the threshold standing,
Where all the glory awaits me,
That life or death can offer.

Her Girl Friends

The best of luck attend you,
Gentle maiden, but ere
You cross the threshold which invites you,
Turn and admire the things you hold so dear.
What lovely flow'rs! what lovely sky, and lovely sea!

Sharpless

O happy prattle, careless days of youth!

(Butterfly and her girl friends appear on the brow of the hill. They will carry large brightly coloured sunshades, open)

Butterfly

We're there now.

(she sees the three men standing together and recognizes Pinkerton. She promptly closes her sunshade and introduces Pinkerton to her friends)

B. F. Pinkerton. Down.

(goes down on her knees)

The Girl Friends

(close their sunshades and go on their knees)

Down.

(then they all rise and ceremoniously approach Pinkerton)

Butterfly

Augustly welcome —

The Girl Friends

Hail, most mighty!

Pinkerton

(smiling)

The ascent
Is rather trying?

MADAMA BUTTERFLY

Butterfly

(compassata)

A una sposa
costumata
più penosa
l' impazienza.

Pinkerton

(un po' derisorio)

Molto raro
complimento.

Butterfly

(ingenua)

Dei più belli
ancor ne so

Pinkerton

(rincalzando)

Dei gioielli!

Butterfly

(volendo sfoggiare il suo repertorio di complimenti)

Se vi è caro
sul momento...

Pinkerton

Grazie — no.

Sharpless

(ha osservato prima curiosamente il gruppo delle fanciulle, poi si è avvicinato a Butterfly che lo ascolta con attenzione)

Miss Butterfly. Bel nome che vi sta a meraviglia.
Siete di Nagasaki?

Butterfly

Signor sì. Di famiglia
assai prospera un tempo.

(alle amiche)

Verità?

Le Amiche

(approvando premurose)

Verità!

MADAM BUTTERFLY

Butterfly

(measuredly)

Not so trying
To a bride
As are the weary hours
Of waiting.

Pinkerton

(rather sarcastically)

What a pretty
Compliment!

Butterfly

(ingenuously)

I know better ones
Than that —

Pinkerton

(good humouredly)

Gems, I doubt not!

Butterfly

(anxious to show off her stock of compliments)

If you care for some
At present...

Pinkerton

(gently)

Thank you — no.

Sharpless

(after scanning the group of maidens with curiosity, approaches Butterfly, who listens to him attentively)

Miss "Butterfly" — How pretty! — Your name
Was well chosen. Are you from Nagasaki?

Butterfly

Sir, I am. My people
Were formerly wealthy.
(to her friends)

Say so!

Her Girl Friends

(assenting with alacrity)

It is so!

MADAMA BUTTERFLY

Butterfly

Nessuno si confessa mai nato in povertà
e non c'è vagabondo che a sentirlo non sia
di gran prosapia. Eppure senza millanteria
conobbi la ricchezza. Ma il turbine rovescia
le quercie più robuste — e abbiám fatto la gheschia
per sostentarci. (alle amiche) Vero?

Le Amiche

(confermano)

Vero!

Butterfly

Non lo nascondo
nè mi adonto.

(vedendo che Sharpless sorride)

Ridete? Perchè?... Cose del mondo.

Pinkerton

(ha ascoltato con interesse e si rivolge a Sharpless)

(Con quel fare di bambola quando parla m'infiamma.)

Sharpless

(anch'esso interessato dalle chiacchiere di Butterfly, continua a interrogarla)

E ci avete sorelle?

Butterfly

Non signore. Ho la mamma.

Goro

(con importanza)

Una nobile dama.

Butterfly

Ma senza farle torto
povera molto anch'essa.

Sharpless

E vostro padre?

Butterfly

(si arresta sorpresa — poi secco secco risponde:)

Morto.

MADAM BUTTERFLY

Butterfly

There's no one cares to own he was born in poverty;
Is not ev'ry vagrant, when you listen to his tale,
Of ancient lineage? But yet indeed
I have known riches. But the strongest oak
Must fall when the storm-wind wrecks the forest.
And we had to go as geishas, to earn our living.

(to her friends)

Say so!

The Friends

(corroborating)

Truly!

Butterfly

I frankly own it,
And don't blush for it.

(seeing that Sharpless smiles)

You're laughing? And why? That's how the world runs!

Pinkerton

(has listened with interest and turns to Sharpless)

(With her innocent baby-face, she sets my heart
throbbing.)

Sharpless

(he also is interested in Butterfly's prattle, and continues to question her)

And have you no sisters?

Butterfly

None, Augustness. I've my mother.

Goro

(importantly)

A most notable lady.

Butterfly

But through no fault whatever,
Dreadfully poor is she.

Sharpless

And where's your father?

Butterfly

(stops short in surprise, then answers very shortly:)

Dead!

MADAMA BUTTERFLY

Sharpless

(a Butterfly)

Quanti anni avete?

Butterfly

(con civetteria quasi infantile)

Indovinate.

Pinkerton

Dieci.

Butterfly

Crescete.

Sharpless

Venti.

Butterfly

Calate.

Quindici, netti, netti;
sono vecchia diggià

Sharpless

Quindici anni! L'età
dei giuochi...

Pinkerton

e dei confetti

(a Goro, che batte le mani, chiamando i tre servi, i quali accorrono dalla casa: Goro impartisce loro gli ordini, man mano che li riceve da Pinkerton)

Qua i tre musì. Servite
ragni e mosche candite.
Nidi al giulebbe e quale
è licor più indigesto
e più nauseabonda leccornia
della Nipponeria.

(Goro nel seguire i servi che rientrano in casa si accorge che altre persone saigono il colle: osserva; poi corre ad annunciare a Pinkerton e a Sharpless:)

Goro

(con importanza)

L'imperial Commissario e l'Ufficiale
del registro — i congiunti.

Pinkerton

(a Goro)

Fate presto.

(Goro corre in casa)

MADAM BUTTERFLY

Sharpless

(to Butterfly)

What might your age be?

Butterfly

(with almost childish coquetry)

Now try to guess it!

Pinkerton

Ten years.

Butterfly

Guess higher.

Sharpless

Twenty.

Butterfly

Guess lower.

Fifteen, exactly fifteen!

I am old, am I not?

Sharpless

Fifteen years old! The age

Of playthings —

Pinkerton

And of sweetmeats!

(To Goro, who claps his hands, summoning the three servants, who come running out from the house: Goro gives them the orders which he takes from Pinkerton)

Call my scarecrows to hand round
Candied flies and spiders,
Preserves and pastry, and all
Sorts of curious liquors,
And most peculiar delicacies
They fancy in Japan.

(Goro is just about to follow the servants into the house, when he perceives more people climbing the hill; he goes to look, then runs to announce the new arrivals to Pinkerton and to Sharpless:)

Goro

(importantly)

The august High Commissioner —

The official Registrar — the relations.

Pinkerton

(to Goro)

Come now, hurry.

(Goro runs into the house)

MADAMA BUTTERFLY

Alcuni Parenti

(con molta curiosità a Butterfly)

Dov'è? dove'è?

Butterfly

(indicando Pinkerton)

Eccolo là!

I.^a Cugina

In verità
bello non è. —

Butterfly

(offesa)

Bello è così
che non si può
sognar di più.

La Madre di Butterfly

Mi pare un re!

Lo Zio

Vale un Perù.

I.^a Cugina

Goro l'offrì
pur anche a me.
Ma s'ebbe un no!

Butterfly

(sdegnosa)

Sì, giusto tu!

Alcuni Amici ad alcune Amiche

Ecco, perchè
prescelta fu,
vuol far con te
la soprappiù.

Altre Amiche

La sua beltà
gia disfiorì.

Cugini e Cugine

Divorzierà.

MADAM BUTTERFLY

Some of the Relations

(with great curiosity, to Butterfly)

Where is he? Where?

Butterfly

(pointing to Pinkerton)

That is he — there!

First Cousin

To tell the truth,
Handsome he's not —

Butterfly

(offended)

Handsomer man
You never saw —
Not in your dreams.

Butterfly's Mother

I think him fine!

The Uncle

He's worth a lot!

First Cousin

Why, Goro offered him to *me*,
But *I* said no!

Butterfly

(contemptuously)

To *you*, my dear!

Some Male and Female Friends

Because on her
His choice did fall,
She would look down
Upon us all!

Some Other Girl Friends

I think her beauty's
On the wane.

Male and Female Cousins

She'll be divorc'd.

MADAMA BUTTERFLY

Altri

Spero di sì. —

Goro

Per carità
tacete un po' . . .
chi v'insegnò
la civiltà?

La Madre di Butterfly e alcune Cugine

Oh quella lì
non smette più

Goro

Stoltezza fu
condurla qui.

Lo Zio

Vino ce n'è?

La Madre e La Zia

Guardiamo un po'.

Alcune Amiche

Ne vidi già,
color di thè,
à chermisì!

Lo Zio

Se ne berrò!

Il Bambino

E chicche?

Sua Madre

Sì.

Il Bambino

(gongolante)

Curucucu!

Butterfly

(a sua madre)

Mamma, vien qua.
(agli altri)

Badate a me:
attenti, orsù,
uno — due — tre
e tutti giù.

(e tutti si inchinano innanzi a Pinkerton, tranne il Commissario e l'Ufficiale)
(In tanto Goro ha fatto portare da servi alcuni tavolini, sui quali dispongonsi varie confetture, pasticcietti, liquori, vini e servizi da thè; si portano alcuni cuscini e un tavolino a parte, coll' occorrente per scrivere. Parenti, amici guardano con molta soddisfazione i dolciumi portati. Butterfly presenta i parenti a Pinkerton).

MADAM BUTTERFLY

Others

I hope she may.

Goro

For goodness sake
Be silent now —
Where did you get
Your manners from?

Butterfly's Mother and a Few Cousins

Why, that one there
Won't let her be.

Goro

The more fools you
To bring her here.

The Uncle

Is there no wine?

The Mother and the Aunt

Let's look about.

Some Friends

I've just seen some,
The hue of tea —
And crimson too!

The Uncle

I'd like a drink!

The Child

And sweetmeats.

His Mother

Yes.

The Child

(capering for joy)

Hurrah! Hurrah!

Butterfly

Mother, come here.

(to the others)

Listen to me:

All of you, look,

One — two — three —

All of you: down!

(They all bow low before Pinkerton)

(Meanwhile, Goro has made the servants bring out some small tables, on which they place a variety of cake, sweetmeats, liquors, wines and tea-sets. They set some cushions and a small table with writing-materials apart. The friends and relations evince great satisfaction at the refreshments. Butterfly presents her relations to Pinkerton)

MADAMA BUTTERFLY

Butterfly

(alzandosi)

Signor B. F. Pinkerton, perdono . . .
(mostra le mani e la braccia che sono impacciate dalle maniche rigonfie)
lo vorrei . . . pochi oggetti
da donna . . .

Pinkerton

Dove sono?

Butterfly

(indicando le maniche)

Sono qui — vi dispiace?

Pinkerton

(un po' sorpreso, sorride . . . poi subito acconsente, con galanteria)

O perchè mai,

mia bella Butterfly!?

Butterfly

(a mano a mano cava dalle maniche gli oggetti e li depone sopra uno sgabello)

Fazzoletti. — La pipa. — Una cintura. —

Un piccolo fermaglio. —

Uno specchio. — Un ventaglio.

Pinkerton

(vede un vasetto)

Quel barattolo?

Butterfly

Un vaso di tintura.

Pinkerton

Ohibò!

Butterfly

Vi spiace? . . .

(lo getta)

Via!

Pettini.

(trae un astuccio lungo a stretto)

Pinkerton

E quello?

Butterfly

(molto seria)

Cosa sacra e mia.

Pinkerton

E non si può vedere?

Butterfly

(supplichevole e grave)

C'è troppa gente.

Perdonate.

(e depone l'astuccio con gran rispetto)

MADAM BUTTERFLY

Butterfly

Mr. B. F. Pinkerton, forgive me —

(Shows her hands and arms, which are encumbered by stuffed-out sleeves)

I should like — a young girl's few possessions —

Pinkerton

But where are they?

Butterfly

(pointing to her sleeves)

They are here — are you angry?

Pinkerton

(rather astonished, smiles — then quickly and gallantly reassures her)

Nay, angry,

Why, dear little Butterfly?

Butterfly

(empties her sleeves, placing their contents one by one on a stool)

Kerchiefs — a pipe — a buckle —

A colored ribbon —

A mirror — and a fan —

Pinkerton

(sees a jar)

What is that little pot?

Butterfly

A little jar of paint.

Pinkerton

Oh, fie!

Butterfly

You mind it?

(throws it away)

There!

(draws out a long and narrow sheath)

Pinkerton

And that thing?

Butterfly

(very gravely)

That I hold most sacred.

Pinkerton

And am I not to see it?

Butterfly

(beseeching and grave)

Not here in public.

Pray excuse me.

(she lays down the sheath very reverently)

MADAMA BUTTERFLY

Goro

(intanta si è avvicinato e dice all'orecchio di Pinkerton)

E un presente
del Mikado a suo padre... coll'invito...
(fa il gesto di chi s'apre il ventre)

Pinkerton

(piano a Goro)

E... suo padre?

Goro

Ha obbedito

(s' allontana, mescolandosi agli invitati)

Butterfly

(leva dalle maniche alcune statuette e le mostra a Pinkerton)

Gli Ottoké.

Pinkerton

(ne prende una e la esamina con curiosità)

Quei pupazzi?... Avete detto?

Butterfly

Son l'anime degli avi.

Pinkerton

Ah!... il mio rispetto.

(e depone la statuetta presso le altre)

Butterfly

(trae Pinkerton in disparte e con tenera e rispettosa confidenza gli dice:)

Ieri sono salita
tutta sola in segreto alla Missione.
Colla nuova mia vita
posso adottare nuova religione
Lo zio Bonzo nol sa,
nè i miei lo sanno. Io seguo il mio destino
e piena d'umiltà
al Dio del signor Pinkerton m'inchino.
Per me spendeste cento
yen, ma vivrò con molta economia.
E per farvi contento
potrò quasi obliar la gente mia.

(va a prendere le statuette)

E questi: via!

(li nasconde. Intanto Goro si è avvicinato al Console, e ricevutone gli ordini, grido con voce tonante da banditore:)

Goro

Tutti zitti!

(cessano le chiacchiere: tutti tralasciano di mangiare e di bere e si avanzano in circolo ascoltando con grande raccoglimento; Pinkerton e Butterfly stanno nel mezzo)

MADAM BUTTERFLY

Goro

(has meanwhile approached and whispers to Pinkerton)

It was sent

By the Mikado to her father, with a message —
(imitating the action of suicide by *hara-kiri*)

Pinkerton

(softly to Goro)

And — her father?

Goro

Was obedient.

(he withdraws, mingling with the guests)

Butterfly

(takes some images from her sleeves and shows them to Pinkerton)

The Ottoki.

Pinkerton

(takes one and examines it curiously)

These small figures? — Can you mean it?

Butterfly

The souls of my Forefathers.

Pinkerton

Ah! I bow before them.

(he puts down the image near the others, then rises)

Butterfly

(leads Pinkerton to one side and says to him in respectfully confiding tones:)

Hear what I would tell you:

Yesterday I crept softly to the Mission:

Entering on my new life

I wish to adopt a new religion.

No one knows what I've done,

Neither friends nor relations. My fate I have to follow

And full of humble faith,

I bow before the God of my dear master.

For me you spent a hundred yen,

But I shall try to be most frugal.

And to give you more pleasure,

I can almost forget my race and people.

(goes to take up the images)

Away they go!

(throws them down. Meanwhile, Goro has approached the Consul, and, having received his orders, thunders forth in stentorian tones:)

Goro

Silence! silence!

(The chattering ceases: they all leave off eating and drinking and come forward in a circle, listening with much interest: Pinkerton and Butterfly stand in the center)

MADAMA BUTTERFLY

Il Commissario Imperiale

(legge)

E concesso al nominato
Benjamin Franklin Pinkerton,
Luogotenente nella cannoniera
Lincoln, marina degli Stati Uniti
America del Nord:
ed alla damigella Butterfly
del quartiere di Omara-Nagasaki,
finor non maritata e in conseguenza
non divorziata mai,
di unirsi in matrimonio, per diritto
il primo, della propria volontà,
... ed ella per consenso dei parenti
qui testimoni all'atto.

(porge l'atto per la firma)

Goro

(cerimonioso)

Lo sposo.

(Pinkerton firma)

Poi la sposa.

(Butterfly firma)

E tutto è fatto

(circondano Butterfly festeggiandola)

Le Amiche

Madama Butterfly!

Butterfly

(le corregge)

Madama B. F. Pinkerton.

(L'Ufficiale dello Stato Civile ritira l'atto e avverte il Commissario che tutto è finito.)

Il Commissario Imperiale

(congedandosi da Pinkerton)

Augurî molti.

Pinkerton

I miei ringraziamenti.

Il Commissario Imperiale

(al Console)

Il signor Consol scende?

Sharpless

L'accompagno.

Ufficiale

(congedandosi da Pinkerton)

Posterità.

MADAM BUTTERFLY

The Imperial Commissioner

(reads)

Leave is given to the undersign'd,
Benjamin Franklin Pinkerton,
Lieutenant, serving on the gunboat
Abra'm Lincoln, of the United States Navy,
Of North America;
And to the spinster, known as Butterfly,
Inhabitant of Omara-Nagasaki,
Hitherto single, and in consequence
Never divorced,
To join in bonds of wedlock; to wit
The former of his free accord and will,
The latter with consent of her relations,
Witnesses of the contract.

(hands the bond for signature)

Goro

(with much unction)

The bridegroom.

(Pinkerton signs)

Now the bride.

(Butterfly signs)

And all is settled.

The Girl Friends

(surround Butterfly, congratulating her)

Dear Madam Butterfly.

Butterfly

(corrects them)

Nay, Madam B. F. Pinkerton.

(The Civil Registrar withdraws the bond and informs the Commissioner that the ceremony is over)

The Commissioner

(taking leave of Pinkerton)

The best of wishes.

Pinkerton

I thank you most sincerely.

The Commissioner

(to the Consul)

May I ask, are you going?

Sharpless

I'll go with you.

The Registrar

(taking leave of Pinkerton)

The best of luck.

MADAMA BUTTERFLY

Pinkerton

Mi proverò.

Sharpless

(stringendo la mano a Pinkerton)

Giudizio!

Ci vedrem domattina.

Pinkerton

A meraviglia.

(Pinkerton accompagna i tre sino al sentiero che scende alla città e li saluta di nuovo quando già sono fuori di vista; sono passati prima fra due schiere di parenti e di amiche che li hanno salutati con molti cerimoniosi inchini. Butterfly si è recata presso sua madre. Pinkerton ritorna, e si capisce che è deliberato di sbarazzarsi dei parenti e delle amiche).

(Ed eccoci in famiglia.

Sbrighiamoci al più presto — in modo onesto.)

Qua, signor Zio.

Pinkerton

(al bambino)

A te marmocchio;
spalanca le tue maniche ed insacca
chicche e pasticci a macca.

(leva il proprio bicchiere)

Ip! Ip!

Tutti

(brindando)

O Kami! O Kami!

Pinkerton

E beviamo ai novissimi legami.

Tutti

O Kami! O Kami!

(Grida terribili dal sentiero della collina interrompono i brindisi: ad un tratto appare dal fondo uno strano personaggio, la cui vista fa allibire tutti. E il Bonzo che si fa innanzi furibondo e vista Butterfly, stende le mani minacciose verso di lei, gridando)

Il Bonzo

Cio-cio-san!... Cio-cio-san!...

Abbominazione!

Goro

(infastidito dalla venuta del Bonzo)

Un corno al guastafeste!

Chi ci leva d'intorno

le persone moleste?!...

(fa cenno ai servi di asportare tavoliui, sgabelli, suscini e prudentemente se ne parte adiratissimo, borbottando)

Tutti

(impauriti, si raccolgono in un angolo balbettando)

Lo zio Bonzo!

(Pinkerton guarda la strana figura del Bonzo e ride)

MADAM BUTTERFLY

Pinkerton

I'm much obliged.

Sharpless

(shaking hands with Pinkerton)

We shall meet to-morrow! Be careful!

Pinkerton

To-morrow, surely.

(Pinkerton accompanies the three as far as the path which leads down to the town and waves his hand to them as they vanish from sight. They had first to pass between two files of friends and relatives, who saluted them with many ceremonious bows. Butterfly has withdrawn close to her mother. Pinkerton returns and is naturally anxious to get rid of the wedding guests)

(Now quickly to get rid
Of this little family party! How shall I do it?)
This way, good uncle.

Pinkerton

(to the child, giving him a lot of sweets)

Your turn, young rascal;
Spread out your hands, and stuff up your sleeves
With cakes and sweets and lots of pastry.

(raising his own glass)

Hip! Hip!

All

(toasting)

O Kami! O Kami!

Pinkerton

Let's drink to the newly-married couple.

All

O Kami! O Kami!

(The toasts are interrupted by strange cries from the hill; all of a sudden a weird figure appears in the background, at the sight of whom all are thunderstruck. It is the Bonze, who comes forward in a towering rage, and, catching sight of Butterfly, stretches out threatening hands towards her, crying:)

The Bonze

Cho-Cho-San! Cho-Cho-San!
Abomination!

Goro

(annoyed at the Bonze's intrusion)

A plague on this intruder!
What on earth brought him hither,
Of all troublesome people?

(signs to the servants to remove the tables, cushions and stools; and then prudently retires himself, grumbling furiously)

All

(huddling together in a corner in terror)

The Bonze, her uncle!

(Pinkerton looks at the Bonze's weird figure and laughs)

MADAMA BUTTERFLY

Il Bonzo

(a Butterfly, che s'è scostata da tutti)

Che hai

tu fatto alla Missione?

Pinkerton

Che mi strilla quel matto?

Il Bonzo

Rispondi, che hai tu fatto?

Tutti

Rispondi Cio-cio-san!

Il Bonzo

Come, hai tu gli occhi asciutti?

Son questi dunque i frutti?

(urlando)

Ci ha rinnegato tutti!

Tutti

Hou! Cio-cio-san!

Il Bonzo

Rinnegato, vi dico,
degli avi il culto antico.

Tutti

Hou! Cio-cio-san!

(Butterfly si copre il viso vergognosa)

Il Bonzo

(gridando sul viso a Butterfly)

All'anima tua guasta
qual supplizio sovrastra!

(La madre s'interpone per difendere Butterfly, ma il Bonzo la respinge brutalmente. Pinkerton infastidito, si alza e grida al Bonzo:)

Pinkerton

(infastidito)

Ehi, dico: basta, basta!

(alla voce di Pinkerton il Bonzo si arresta stupefatto! . . . poi con subita risoluzione invita i parenti e la amiche a partire)

Il Bonzo

Venite tutti — Andiamo!

(a Butterfly)

Ci hai rinnegato e noi...

Tutti

Ti rinneghiamo!

Pinkerton

(autorevolmente)

Sbarazzate all'istante. In casa mia
niente baccano e niente bonzeria.

MADAM BUTTERFLY

The Bonze

(to Butterfly, who stands isolated from the rest)

What were

You doing at the Mission?

Pinkerton

What is that madman shrieking?

The Bonze

Give answer, what were you doing?

All

Give answer, Cho-Cho-San!

The Bonze

How, then, don't you even falter?

Are these the fruits of evil?

(shouting)

She has renounced us all!

All

Hou! Cho-Cho-San!

The Bonze

She's renounced, let me tell you,

Her true religion!

All

Hou! Cho-Cho-San!

(Butterfly, overcome with shame, hides her face in her hands)

The Bonze

(shouting into her face)

In everlasting torment

May your wicked soul perish!

(Butterfly's mother comes forward to protect her, but the Bonze roughly pushes her away.

Pinkerton loses patience, rises and shouts to the Bonze:)

Pinkerton

(out of patience)

Be silent now, d'you hear me?

(At the sound of Pinkerton's voice, the Bonze stops short in amazement, then with a sudden resolve he invites his friends and relations to come away)

The Bonze

Come with me, all. We'll leave her.

(to Butterfly)

You have renounced us all — and we —

All

Renounce you!

Pinkerton

(authoritatively)

Leave this place on the instant! Here I am master
I'll have no turmoil and no disturbance here!

MADAMA BUTTERFLY

(Tutti, parenti, amiche, il Bonzo, partono in gran fretta, scendendo la collina e continuando strillare imprecare contro Butterfly. — Le voci a poco a poco si allontanano. — Butterfly ci stette sempre immobile e muta colla faccia nelle mani, scoppia in pianto infantile. Comincia poco a poco a calare la sera: poi notte serena e stellata).

Pinkerton

(va presso Butterfly e con delicatezza le toglie le mani dal viso)

Bimba, bimba, non piangere
per gracchiar di ranocchi.

Butterfly

(udendo ancora le grida dei parenti, si tura colle mani le orecchie)

Urlano ancor!

Pinkerton

(rincorandola)

Tutta la tua tribù
e i Bonzi tutti del Giappon non valgono
il pianto di quegli occhi
cari e belli.

Butterfly

(sorridendo infantilmente)

Davver? Non piango più.
E quasi del ripudio non mi duole
per lo vostre parole
chè mi suonan così dolci nel cuor.

(si china per baciare la mano a Pinkerton)

Pinkerton

(sorpreso a quell'atto, dolcemente lo impedisce)

Che fai?... la man?

Butterfly

Mi han detto
che laggiù fra la gente costumata
è questo il segno del maggior rispetto.

Pinkerton

(sente un sordo bisbiglio)

Chi brontola lassù?

MADAM BUTTERFLY

(All the guests, including the Bonze, depart in great haste, going down the hillside and continuing to hurl threats and imprecations at Butterfly. By degrees the voices die away in the distance. Butterfly, who has been standing motionless and mute with her face buried in her hands, bursts into childish tears. Evening begins to draw in gradually, then night sets in, serene and starlit)

Pinkerton

(goes up to Butterfly and gently draws her hands from her face)

Dearest, my dearest, weep no more!
Let the frogs croak their loudest.

Butterfly

(still hears the yells of her relations and holds her ears)

Hark how they yell.

Pinkerton

(cheering her)

 All your respected tribe
And all the Bonzes in Japan,
Are not worth a tear
From those dear eyes of yours.

Butterfly

(smiling with childlike pleasure)

Indeed? I'll weep no more —
And now I'm scarcely grieved at their desertion
So sweet are your words of comfort
Which fall like gentle balm on my poor heart.

(stoops to kiss Pinkerton's hand)

Pinkerton

(surprised at her action, gently stops her)

What's this? — My hand?

Butterfly

 They tell me
That abroad, where the people are more cultured
This is a token of the highest honour.

Pinkerton

(hears a subdued murmuring)

Who's murmuring in there?

MADAMA BUTTERFLY

Butterfly

È Suzuki che fa la sua preghiera
seral.

Pinkerton

(attirandola)

Viene la sera...

Butterfly

e l'ombra e la quiete.

Pinkerton

E sei qui sola.

Butterfly

Sola e rinnegata!

Rinnegata e felice!

Pinkerton

(ha battuto le mani, ed i servi sono accorsi)

A voi — chiudete.

Butterfly

(i servi chiudono le pareti che danno sul terrazzo poi si rittrano)

Sì, sì, noi tutti soli...

E fuori il mondo.

Pinkerton

(ridendo)

E il Bonzo furibondo

Butterfly

(a Suzuki, che è venuta coi servi e sta aspettando gli ordini)

Suzuki, le mie vesti.

(Suzuki fruga in un cofano di lacca, mentre Pinkerton guarda i servi che stanno tramutando parte del terrazzo in una camera)

Suzuki

(dopo di aver dato a Butterfly gli abiti per la notte ed un cofanetto coll' occorrente per la toeletta, si inchina innanzi a Pinkerton)

Buona notte.

(aiutata da Suzuki, Butterfly si reca in un angolo al fondo e fa cautelosamente la sua toeletta da notte, levandosi poi la veste nuziale ed indossandone una tutta bianca. Suzuki esce. Pinkerton dondolandosi sulla poltrona e prendendo una sigaretta guarda Butterfly che è intenta ad acconciarsi)

MADAM BUTTERFLY

Butterfly

'Tis Suzuki who offers up
Her evening prayer.

Pinkerton

(drawing her close to him)

Evening is falling —

Butterfly

With shadows and quiet —

Pinkerton

You're here alone —

Butterfly

Alone and renounced!
They've renounced me, and yet I'm happy!

Pinkerton

(has clapped his hands and the servants have hastened in)

Come hither — the shosi.

Butterfly

(the servants close the partitions which run along the terrace, and then retire)

Yes, we are all alone —
The world is yonder.

Pinkerton

(laughing)

And your uncle breathing thunder!

Butterfly

(to Suzuki, who has come in with the servants and is awaiting orders)

Suzuki, bring my garments.

(Suzuki rummages in a lacquer trunk, whilst Pinkerton watches the servants who are changing part of the terrace into a room)

Suzuki

(after having given Butterfly her night-attire and a small box with toilet necessities, bows low to Pinkerton)

Good-night, Augustness.

(Butterfly retires to a corner, and, assisted by Suzuki, carefully performs her toilet for the night, exchanging her wedding-garment for one of pure white. Suzuki goes out. Pinkerton, lolling on the wicker lounge, takes a cigarette and watches Butterfly, who is busily adorning herself)

MADAMA BUTTERFLY

Butterfly

Quest'obi pomposa
di scioglier mi tarda
si vesta la sposa
di puro candor.
Tra motti sommessi
sorride... mi guarda.
Celarmi potessi!
ne ha tanto rossor!
E ancor dentro l'irata
voce mi maledice...
Butterfly... rinnegata —
Rinnegata... e felice.

Pinkerton

Con moti di scojattolo
i nodi allenta e scioglie!...
Pensar che quel giocattolo
è mia moglie. Mia moglie:
Se ne ricerco piena
la forma, in lei ravviso
quanto di donna appena
basta a fare un sorriso.
Ma tale muliebre
grazia dispiega, ch'io
mi struggo per la febre
d'un subito desio.

Pinkerton

(andando verso Butterfly, la solleva e si avvia con essa sul terrazzo esterno)

Bimba dagli occhi pieni di malìa
ora sei tutta mia.
Sei tutta vestita di giglio.
Mi piace la treccia tua bruna
fra i candidi veli...

Butterfly

(scendendo dal terrazzo)

Somiglio

la piccola Dea della luna,
la Dea della luna che scende
la notte dal ponte del ciel...

Pinkerton

(la segue)

E affascina i cuori...

Butterfly

E li prende,

li avvolge nel bianco mantel.
E via se li reca al diletto.
suo nido, negli alti reami.

Pinkerton

Ma intanto finor non m'hai detto,
ancor non m'hai detto ehe m'ami,
Le sa quella Dea le parole
che appagan gli ardenti desir?

MADAM BUTTERFLY

Butterfly

I long to be rid
Of this ponderous obi,
A bride must be rob'd
In a garment of white.
He's peeping and smiling,
Conceal'd by the lattice—
Oh, could I but vanish
My blushes to hide!
I hear that angry voice
Still shouting curses—
Butterfly—they've renounced her,
Renounced her—still she's happy.

Pinkerton

Just like a little squirrel
Are all her pretty movements.
To think that pretty plaything
Is my wife! my wife!
Gazing upon that baby-form
I scarce can find a trace
Of womanhood, scarce enough
To raise a smile—
But her charm
Is so alluring,
That my heart
Is beating madly,
With passionate longing!

Pinkerton

(goes up to Butterfly, raises her gently and goes out on the terrace with her)

Child, from whose eyes the witchery is shining,
Now you are all my own!
You're clad all in lily-white raiment,
How sweet are your tresses of brown
In your snowy-white garment —

Butterfly

(goes down from the terrace)

I am like
The little Moon-Goddess,
The little Moon-Goddess who comes down by night
From her bridge in the star-lighted sky —

Pinkerton

(following her)

Bewitching all mortals —

Butterfly

Then she takes them
And she wraps them in mantle of white,
And away she bears them, to realms high above.

Pinkerton

But, dearest, as yet you've not told me
You've not told me yet that you love me,
Do you think that my goddess
Knows the words I am yearning to hear?

MADAMA BUTTERFLY

Butterfly

Le sa. Forse dirle non vuole
per tema d'averne a morir!

Pinkerton

Stolta paura, l'amor non uccide
ma dà vita, e sorride
per gioie celestiali
come ora fa nei tuoi lunghi occhi ovali.

(avvicinandosi a lei a prendendole la faccia)

Butterfly

Adesso voi
siete per me l'occhio del firmamento.
E mi piaceste dal primo momento
che vi ho veduto. — Siete
alto, forte. — Ridete
con modi sì palesi!
E dite cose che mai non intesi.
Or son contenta. — Vogliatemi bene,
un bene piccolino,
un bene da bambino
quale a me si conviene.
Noi siamo gente avvezza
alle piccole cose
umili e silenziose,
ad una tenerezza
sfiorante e pur profonda
come il ciel, come l'onda
lieve e forte del mare.

Pinkerton

Dammi ch'io baci le tue mani care.

(prorompe con grande tenerezza)

Mia Butterfly!... come t'han ben nomata
tenue farfalla...

Butterfly

(a queste parole si rattrista e ritira le mani)

Dicon che oltre mare
se cade in man dell'uom, ogni farfalla
da uno spillo e' trafitta
ed in tavola infitta!

MADAM BUTTERFLY

Butterfly

She knows, but perhaps will not say them,
For fear she may die of her love!

Pinkerton

Fear not, my dearest, for love does not mean dying
But rather living; and it
Radiates happiness celestial.
I see it shine, as in your eyes I am gazing.
(drawing close to her and taking her face in his hands)

Butterfly

But now, beloved!
You are all the world, more than the world to me.
Indeed, I liked you the very first moment
That I saw you. — You're so strong,
So handsome! — Your laugh
Is so open and so hearty!
The things you say are so fascinating.
Now I am happy. — Ah, love me a little,
Oh just a very little,
As you would love a baby,
'Tis all I ask for.
I come of a race
Accustom'd to little;
Grateful for love that's silent,
Light as a blossom,
And yet everlasting
As the sky, as the fathomless ocean.

Pinkerton

Give me your darling hands, that I may kiss them!
(bursts out very tenderly)
My Butterfly! — aptly your name was chosen.
Gossamer creation! —

Butterfly

(at these words her face clouds over and she draws away her hands)

They say that in your country
If a butterfly is caught by man,
He'll pierce its heart with a needle,
And then leave it to perish!

MADAMA BUTTERFLY

Pinkerton

(riprendendole dolcemente le mani e sorridendo)

Un po' di vero c'è.
E lo sai tu perchè?
Perchè nen fugga più.

(abbracciandola)

Io t'ho ghermita...

Ti serro palpitante.
Sei mia.

Butterfly

(abbandonandosi)

Sì, per la vita.

Pinkerton

Vieni, vieni.

Pinkerton

Via dall'anima in pena
l'angoscia paurosa.

(indicando a Butterfly il cielo stellato)

Guarda: è notte serena!
Guarda: dorme ogni cosa!

Butterfly

(estatica)

Dolce notte! Quante stelle!
Non le vidi mai sì belle!
Trema, brilla, ogni favilla
col baglior d'una pupilla.
Oh! quanti occhi fisi, attenti
d'ogni parte a riguardare!
Lungi, via pei firmamenti,
via pei lidi, via pel mare
quanti fiammei sguardi pieni
d'ineffabile languor!
Tutto estatico d'amor
ride il cielo...

Pinkerton

(con cupido amore)

Vieni, vieni!...

(Butterfly e Pinkerton entrano nella camera nuziale.)

MADAM BUTTERFLY

Pinkerton

(gently taking her hands again and smiling)

Some truth there is in that.
And can you tell me why?
That you may not escape.

(embracing her)

See I have caught you —
I hold you as you flutter —
Be mine.

Butterfly

(throwing herself in his arms)

Yes, yours for ever.

Pinkerton

Come then, come then —

Pinkerton

Love, what fear holds you trembling
Have done with all misgivings.

(pointing to the starlit sky)

See, the night doth enfold us!
See, all the world lies sleeping!

Butterfly

(enraptured)

Ah! Night of rapture! Stars unending!
Never have I seen such glory!
Throbbing, sparkling, each star in heaven
Like a fiery eye is flashing.
Oh! how kindly are the heavens!
Every star that shines afar
Is gazing on us, lighting our future for us
Ah! lovely night! Thy perfect calm
Is breathing love near and far! —

Pinkerton

(with passionate longing)

Come, then, come! —

(They go into the marriage chamber)

ATTO SECONDO

Interno della casetta di Butterfly

PARTE PRIMA

SUZUKI *prega, raggomitolata davanti all' immagine di Budda; suona di quando in quando la campanella della preghiera.*
BUTTERFLY *sta ritta ed immobile presso un paravento.*

Suzuki

(pregando)

E Izaghi ed Izanami
Sarundazico e Kami...

(interrompendosi)

Oh! la mia testa!

(suona la campanella per richiamare l'attenzione dei Numi)

E tu

Ten-Sjoo-daj!

(guardando Butterfly)

Fate che Butterfly
non pianga più, mai più, mai più, mai più.

Butterfly

Pigri ed obesi
son gli Dei Giapponesi.
L'americano Iddio son persuasa
ben più presto risponde e chi l'implori.
Ma temo ch'egli ignori
che noi stiam qui di casa.

(rimane pensierosa, poi si rivolge a Suzuki che si è alzata in piedi ed ha aperto la parete verso il giardino)

Suzuki, è lungi la miseria?

ACT II

Inside Butterfly's Little House

SUZUKI, *coiled up in front of the image of Buddha, is praying; from time to time she rings the prayer-bell.* BUTTERFLY *is standing rigid and motionless near the screen.*

Suzuki

(praying)

And Izaghi and Izanami
Sarundasico and Kami —

(breaking off)

My head is throbbing!

(rings the prayer-bell to invoke the attention of the Gods)

And thou

Ten-Sjoo-daj!

(looking at Butterfly)

Grant me that Butterfly

Shall weep no more, no more, no more.

Butterfly

Lazy and idle

Are the Gods of Japan.

The God my husband prays to

Will give an answer far more quickly

To those who bow before Him.

But I'm afraid He knows not

That here we are dwelling.

(remains pensive, then she turns to Suzuki, who has risen to her feet and has drawn back the partition leading to the garden)

Suzuki, how soon shall we be starving?

MADAMA BUTTERFLY

Suzuki

(apre un piccolo mobile e vi prende poche monete mostrandole a Butterfly)

Questo

l'ultimo fondo.

Butterfly

Questo? Oh! Troppe spese!

Suzuki

(ripone il danaro e chiude il piccolo mobile, mentre sospirando dice:)

S'egli non torna e presto,
siamo male in arnese.

Butterfly

(decisa)

Ma torna.

Suzuki

(crollando il capo)

Tornerà!

Butterfly

(indispettita a Suzuki)

Perchè dispone
che il Console provveda alla pigione,
rispondi, su!
Perchè con tante cure
la casa rifornì di serrature,
s'ei non volesse ritornar mai più?

Suzuki

Non lo so.

Butterfly

(meravigliata a tanta ignoranza)

Non lo sai?

(con orgoglio)

Io te lo dico. Per tener ben fuori
le zanzare, i parenti ed i dolori
e dentro, con gelosa
custodia, la sua sposa
che son io: Butterfly.

MADAM BUTTERFLY

Suzuki

(opens a small cabinet, and, taking a few coins from it, shows them to Butterfly)

This is all that is left us.

Butterfly

No more? Oh, we've been spendthrifts!

Suzuki

{replaces the money in the cabinet, which she closes, saying with a sigh:}

Unless he comes, and quickly,
Our plight is a bad one.

Butterfly

(with decision)

He'll come, though.

Suzuki

(snaking her head)

Will he come ?

Butterfly

(vexed, to Suzuki)

Why did he order the Consul
To provide this dwelling for us?
Now answer that!
And why was he so careful
To have the house provided with safe locks
If he did not intend to come again?

Suzuki

I know not.

Butterfly

(surprised at such ignorance)

Know you not?

(with proud confidence)

Then I will tell you. 'Twas to keep outside
Those spiteful plagues, my own relations.
And inside, 'twas to give me protection.
Me, his beloved wife — his Butterfly.

MADAMA BUTTERFLY

Suzuki

(poco convinta)

Mai non s'è udito
di straniero marito
che sia tornato al nido.

Butterfly

(furibonda)

Taci, o t'uccido.

(insistendo nel persuadere Suzuki)

Quell'ultima mattina:
tornerete signor? — gli domandai.
Egli, col cuore grosso,
per celarmi la pena
sorridente rispose:

(cerca imitare Pinkerton)

— O Butterfly
piccina mogliettina,
tornerò colle rose
alla stagion serena
quando fa la nidiata il pettirosso.

(calma e convinta)

E tornerà.

Suzuki

(con incredulità)

Speriam.

Butterfly

(insistendo)

Dillo con me:

Tornerà.

Suzuki

(per compiacerla ripete)

Tornerà...

(poi si mette pianger)

MADAM BUTTERFLY.

Suzuki

(still far from convinced)

I never heard as yet
Of foreign husband
Who returned to his nest.

Butterfly

(furious)

Silence, or I'll kill you.

(still trying to persuade Suzuki)

Why, just before he went,
I asked of him: "You'll come back again to me?"
And with his heart so heavy,
To conceal his trouble,
With a smile he made answer:

(imitating Pinkerton)

O Butterfly,

My tiny little child-wife,
I'll return with the roses,
The warm and sunny season
When the red-breasted robins
Are busy nesting.

(calm and convinced)

And he'll return.

Suzuki

(still incredulous)

We'll hope so.

Butterfly

(insisting)

Say it with me:
He'll return!

Suzuki

(repeats, to please her)

He'll return!

(then she bursts out weeping)

MADAMA BUTTERFLY

Butterfly

(sorpresa)

Piangi? Perchè?

Ah la fede ti manca!

(poi continua fiduciosa e sorridente)

Senti — Un bel dì, vedremo
levarsi un fil di fumo sull'estremo
confin del mare.
E poi la nave appare
E poi la nave è bianca.
Entra nel porto, romba il suo saluto.
Vedi? È venuto!
Io non gli scendo incontro, Io no. Mi metto
là sul ciglio del colle e aspetto, aspetto
gran tempo e non mi pesa,
la lunga attesa.
E... uscito dalla folla cittadina
un uomo, un picciol punto
s'avvia per la collina.
Chi sarà? chi sarà?
E come sarà giunto
che dirà? che dirà?
Chiamerà Butterfly dalla lontana
Io senza far risposta
me ne starò nascosta
un po' per celia, un po' per non morire
al primo incontro, ed egli alquanto in pena
chiamerà, chiamerà:
*"Piccina — mogliettina
olezzo di verbena"*
i nomi che mi dava al suo venire.

(a Suzuki)

Tutto questo avverrà, te lo prometto
Tienti la tua paura — io con sicura
fede lo aspetto.

(congeda Suzuki)

(Suzuki esce dalla porta di sinistra. Butterfly la segue mestamente collo sguardo)

MADAM BUTTERFLY

Butterfly

(surprised)

Weeping? and why?

Ah, 'tis faith you are lacking!

(she then continues, full of faith, and smiling)

Hear me. — One fine day we'll notice
A thread of smoke arising on the sea
In the far horizon,
And then the ship appearing; —
Then the trim white vessel
Glides into the harbour, thunders forth her cannon.
See you? He is coming! —
I do not go to meet him. Not I. I stay
Upon the brow of the hillock and wait, and wait
For a long time, but never weary
Of the long waiting.
From out the crowded city,
There is coming a man —
A little speck in the distance, climbing the hillock
Can you guess who it is?
And when he's reached the summit
Can you guess what he'll say?
He will call "Butterfly" from the distance.
I, without answering,
Hold myself quietly concealed,
A bit to tease him, and a bit so as not to die
At our first meeting; and then, a little troubled,
He will call, he will call:
"Dear baby-wife of mine, dear little orange-blossom!
The names he used to call me when he came here.

(to Suzuki)

This will all come to pass, just as I tell you.
Banish your idle fears — for he'll return, I know it.

(dismisses Suzuki, who goes out of door on left. Butterfly looks after her, sadly)

MADAMA BUTTERFLY

(Nel giardino campeggia Mr. Sharpless e Goro; Goro guarda entro la camera, scorge Butterfly e dice a Sharpless:)

Goro

C'è. — Entrate.

(introduce Sharpless; poi torna subito fuori, e spia di quando in quando dal giardino)

Sharpless

(affacciandosi, bussa discretamente contro la porta di destra)

Chiedo scusa...

(vede Butterfly che udendo entrare alcuno si è mossa)

Madama Butterfly...

Butterfly

(senza volgersi, ma correggendo)

Madama Pinkerton

Prego.

(si volge, riconosce il Console e giubilante batte le mani)

Oh il mio signor Console!

(Suzuki entra premurosa e prepara un tavolino coll'occorrente per fumare, alcuni cuscini ed uno sgabello)

Sharpless

(sorpreso)

Mi ravvisate?

Butterfly

(facendo gli onori di casa)

Benvenuto in casa

americana.

Sharpless

Grazie.

Butterfly

(invita il Console a sedere presso il tavolino: Sharpless si lascia cadere grottescamente su di un cuscino: Butterfly si siede dall'altra parte e sorride con malizia dietro il ventaglio vedendo l'imbarazzo del Console; poi con molta grazia gli chiede:)

Avi — antenati

tutti bene?

Sharpless

(sorride ringraziando)

Ma spero.

MADAM BUTTERFLY

(Goro and Sharpless appear in the garden: Goro looks into the room, sees Butterfly and says to Sharpless:)

Goro

Come! — She's in here.

(brings Sharpless in; then goes outside again at once, and peeps in from the garden every now and then)

Sharpless

(knocks cautiously at the door on the right)

I am seeking —

(catches sight of Butterfly, who has risen on hearing him enter)

Madam Butterfly —

Butterfly

(corrects him, without turning round)

Nay, Madam Pinkerton,

Excuse me.

(she turns round, recognizes the Consul, and claps her hands for joy)

Why here is the Consul; yes, the Consul!

(Suzuki enters eagerly and prepares a small table with smoking materials, some cushions and a stool)

Sharpless

(surprised)

What, you remember — ?

Butterfly

(doing the honors of the house)

You are welcome; be seated,

You are most honorably welcome.

Sharpless

Thank you.

Butterfly

(invites the Consul to be seated near the table; Sharpless drops awkwardly on to a cushion. Butterfly sits down on the other side and slyly smiles behind her fan at his discomfort, then with much grace!)

And your honorable ancestors,

Is their health good?

Sharpless

(thanks her, smiling)

I hope so.

MADAMA BUTTERFLY

Butterfly

(fa cenno a Suzuki che prepari la pipa)

Fumate ?

Sharpless

Grazie.

(e desideroso di spiegare lo scopo per cui è venuto, cava una lettera di tasca)

Ho qui...

Butterfly

(gentilmente interrompendolo)

Signore — io vedo

il cielo azzurro.

(dopo aver tirato una boccata dalla pipa che Suzuki ha preparata l'offre al Console)

Sharpless

(rifiutando)

Grazie...

(e tenta riprendere il suo discorso)

Ho...

Butterfly

(depone la pipa sul tavolino e assai premurosa dice:)

Preferite

forse le sigarette?

(ne offre)

Americane.

Sharpless

(ne prende una)

Ma grazie.

(si alza e tenta continuare il discorso)

Ho da mostrarvi...

Butterfly

(porge un fiammifero acceso)

A voi.

Sharpless

(accende la sigaretta, ma poi la depone subito e presentando la lettera si siede sullo sgabello)

Mi scrisse

Mr. B. F. Pinkerton...

MADAM BUTTERFLY

Butterfly

(signs to Suzuki, who prepares the pipe)

You smoke?

Sharpless

Thank you

(he is anxious to explain the object of his visit, and draws a letter from his pocket)

I've here —

Butterfly

(prettily interrupting him)

Augustness, the sky

Is quite unclouded.

(after having taken a draw at the pipe, she offers it to the Consul)

Sharpless

(refusing)

Thank you.

(trying again to resume the thread of his talk)

I've —

Butterfly

(lays down the pipe on the table and says very pressingly:)

You prefer most likely

To smoke American cigarettes?

(offers him some)

Sharpless

(taking one)

Well, thank you.

(rises and tries to resume)

I have to show you —

Butterfly

(hands him a lighted taper)

A light?

Sharpless

(lights his cigarette, but then puts it down at once, and showing her the letter, sits down on the stool)

I've a letter from Mr. Pinkerton.

MADAMA BUTTERFLY

Butterfly

(premurosissima)

Davvero!

È in salute?

Sharpless

Perfetta.

Butterfly

(alzandosi, lietissima)

Io son la donna
più lieta del Giappone. — Potrei favri
una domanda?

(Suzuki è in faccende per preparare il the)

Sharpless

Certo.

Butterfly

(torna a sedere)

Quando fanno

il lor nido in America
i pettirossi?

Sharpless

(stupito)

Come dite?

Butterfly

Sì,

prima o dopo di qui?

Sharpless

Ma... perchè?...

(Goro sale dal terrazo del giardino ed ascolta, non visto, quanto dice Butterfly)

Butterfly

Mio marito m' ha promesso
di ritornar nella stagion beata
che il pettirosso rifà la nidiata.
Qui l' ha rifatta ben tre volte, ma
può darsi che di là
usi nidiar men spesso.

(Goro scoppia in ridere)

MADAM BUTTERFLY

Butterfly

(with intense earnestness)

What? Really?
How's his honorable health?

Sharpless

He's quite well.

Butterfly

(jumping up very joyfully)

Then I'm the happiest
Woman in Japan. Would you
Answer me a question?

(Suzuki is busy preparing tea)

Sharpless

Gladly.

Butterfly

(sits down again)

At what time of the year
Do robins nest in America?

Sharpless

(amazed)

Are you serious?

Butterfly

Yes.

Sooner or later than here?

Sharpless

Tell me — why?

(Goro comes up from the garden on to the terrace, and listens unseen by Butterfly)

Butterfly

My husband gave his promise
He would return in the joyous season,
When robin redbreasts rebuild their nests.
Here they have built them thrice already,
But I thought that over there
They might nest less often.

(Goro bursts out laughing)

MADAMA BUTTERFLY.

Butterfly

Chi ride?

(vede Goro)

Oh, c'è il nakodo.

(piano a Sharpless)

Un uom cattivo.

Goro

(ossequioso, inchinandosi)

Godo...

Butterfly

(a Goro)

Zitto.

(a Sharpless)

Egli osò... No, prima rispondete
alla domanda mia.

Sharpless

(imbarazzato)

Mi rincresce ma... ignoro...
Non ho studiato l'ornitologia.

Butterfly

(tentà di capire)

Ah! l'orni...

Sharpless

...tologia.

Butterfly

Non lo sapete

insomma.

Sharpless

No.

(ritenta di tornare in argomento)

Dicevamo...

Butterfly

(lo interrompe seguendo la sua idea)

Ah, sì — Goro,
appena B. F. Pinkerton fu in mare
mi venne ad assediare

MADAM BUTTERFLY

Butterfly

Who's laughing?

(sees Goro)

Oh, the Nakodo.

(softly to Sharpless)

A wicked fellow.

Goro

(bowing obsequiously)

I was —

Butterfly

Silence.

(to Sharpless)

Why, he dared — No, first I'd like
An answer. Answer me what I asked you.

Sharpless

(embarrassed)

I am sorry, but — I don't —
I never studied ornithology.

Butterfly

(trying to understand)

Ah! orni —

Sharpless

— thology.

Butterfly

Ah, then

You cannot tell me?

Sharpless

No.

(tries to return to his point)

We were saying —

Butterfly

(interrupts him, pursuing her thoughts)

Ah, yes,

Scarcely was B. F. Pinkerton away,

MADAMA BUTTERFLY

con ciarre e con presenti
per ridarmi ora questo, or quel marito.
Or promette tesori
per uno scimunito...

Goro

(per giustificarsi, spiega la cosa a Sharpless)

Il ricco Yamadori.
Ella è povera in canna — I suoi parenti
l'han tutti rinnegata.

(il Principe Yamadori attraversa il giardino seguito da due servi che portano fiori)

Butterfly

(vede Yamadori e lo indica a Sharpless sorridendo)

Eccolo. Attenti.

(Yamadori entra con grande imponenza, fa un graziosissimo inchino a Butterfly poi saluta il Console. I due servi consegnano i fiori a Suzuki e si ritirano nel fondo. Goro, servilissimo, porta uno sgabello a Yamadori, fra Sharpless e Butterfly, ed è dappertutto durante la conversazione. Sharpless e Yamadori siedono)

(a Yamadori)

Yamadori — ancor... le pene
dell'amor, non v'han deluso?
Vi tagliate ancor le vene
se il mio bacio vi ricuso?

Yamadori

(a Sharpless)

Tra le cose più moleste
è l' inutil sospirar.

Butterfly

(con graziosa malizia)

Tante mogli omai toglieste,
vi doveste abitar.

Yamadori

Le ho sposate tutte quante
e il divorzio mi francò.

MADAM BUTTERFLY

Than Goro came hither
And besought me,
With arguments and presents, to re-marry.
He'd half-a-dozen suitors.
Now he offers me riches
If I will wed an idiot —

Goro

(to justify himself, tries to explain to Sharpless)

The wealthy Yamadori.
She's as poor as she can be — and her relations
Have cast her off completely.

(Beyond the terrace the Prince Yamadori is seen, followed by two servants carrying flowers)

Butterfly

(sees Yamadori, and points him out to Sharpless with a smile)

Here he is. Now listen.

(Yamadori enters with much pomp, bows gracefully to Butterfly then salutes the Consul. The two servants deliver their flowers to Suzuki, and retire to the back. Goro, full of servility, brings a stool for Yamadori, between Sharpless and Butterfly, and is very much in evidence throughout the interview. Sharpless and Yamadori sit down)

(to Yamadori)

Yamadori — and have the throes
Of unrequited love not yet released you?
Do you still intend to die
If I withhold my kisses?

Yamadori

(to Sharpless)

There is naught on earth more cruel
Than the pangs of hopeless love.

Butterfly

(with graceful raillery)

You have had so many consorts
Surely you must be injured!

Yamadori

Ev'ry one of them I married,
And divorce has set me free.

MADAMA BUTTERFLY

Butterfly

Obbligata.

Yamadori

(premuroso)

A voi però
giurerei fede costante

Sharpless

(sospirando, rimette in tasca la lettera)

(Temo assai che il mio messaggio
a trasmetter non riesco.)

Goro

(con enfasi indicando Yamadori a Sharpless)

Ville, servi, oro, ad Omura
un palazzo principesco.

Butterfly

(con serietà)

Già legata è la mia fede.

Goro e Yamadori

(a Sharpless)

Maritata ancor si crede.

Butterfly

(con forza)

Non mi credo — sono — sono.

Goro

Ma la legge...

Butterfly

(interrompendolo)

Io non la so.

Goro

(continua)

...per la moglie, l'abbandono
al divorzio equiparò.

Butterfly

(crollando vivamente il capo)

La legge giapponese...
non già del mio paese.

MADAM BUTTERFLY

Butterfly

Thank you kindly!

Yamadori

(eagerly)

But yet to you,
I would swear eternal faith.

Sharpless

(sighing, replaces the letter in his pocket)

(I am very much afraid
My message will not be delivered.)

Goro

(pointing out Yamadori to Sharpless, with emphasis)

Houses, servants, treasures, and
A regal palace at Omara!

Butterfly

(seriously)

But my hand's bestowed already —

Goro and Yamadori

(to Sharpless)

She believes she still is married —

Butterfly

(emphatically)

I don't believe, for I *know* it.

Goro

But the law says —

Butterfly

(interrupting him)

I know it not.

Goro

(continues)

For the wife, desertion
Gives the right of divorce.

Butterfly

(shaking her head)

That may be Japanese law,
But not in my country.

MADAMA BUTTERFLY

Goro

Quale?

Butterfly

(con forza)

Gli Stati Uniti.

Sharpless

(Oh, l' infelice!)

Butterfly

(nervosissima, accalorandosi)

Si sa che aprir la porta
e la moglie cacciar per la più corta
qui divorziar si dice.
Ma in America questo non si può.

(a Sharpless)

Vero?

Sharpless

(imbarazzato)

Vero... Però...

Butterfly

(lo interrompe rivolgendosi a Yamadori ed a Goro, trionfante)

Là un bravo giudice
serio, impettito
dice al marito:
“Lei vuole andarsene?
“Sentiam perchè? —
“Sono seccato
“del coniugato!

E il magistrato:

“Ah, mascalzone,
“presto in prigione!

(e per troncare si alza ed ordina:)

Suzuki, il thè.

(va anche lei presso Suzuki)

Yamadori

(sottovoce a Sharpless, mentre Butterfly prepara il thè)

L'udite?

MADAM BUTTERFLY

Goro

Which one?

Butterfly

(with emphasis)

The United States.

Sharpless

(Poor little creature!)

Butterfly

(strenuously, and growing excited)

I know, of course, to open the door
And to turn out your wife at any moment,
Here, constitutes divorce.

But in America, that cannot be done.

(to Sharpless)

Say so!

Sharpless

(embarrassed)

Yes, yes — but yet —

Butterfly

(interrupts him, turning to Yamadori and Goro in triumph)

There, a true, honest

And unbiassed judge

Says to the husband:

“You wish to free yourself?

“Let us hear why? —

“I am sick and tired

“Of conjugal fetters!”

Then the good judge says:

“Ah, wicked scoundrel,

“Clap him in prison!”

(to put an end to the subject, she orders Suzuki)

Suzuki, tea.

Yamadori

(softly, to Sharpless, whilst Butterfly makes tea)

You hear her?

MADAMA BUTTERFLY

Sharpless

Mi rattrista una sì piena
cecità.

Goro

(sottovoce a Sharpless e Yamadori)

Segnalata è già la nave
di Pinkerton.

Yamadori

(disperato)

Quand'essa lo riveda...

Sharpless

(pure sottovoce ai due)

Egli non vuol mostrarsi. — Io venni appunto
per levarla d'inganno. — Ho qui una lettera
di lui che la riflette...

(vedendo Butterfly che si avvicina per offrire il thè, tronca il discorso)

Butterfly

(con grazia, servendo a Sharpless una tazza di thè)

Vostra Grazia permette...

(poi apre ventaglio e dietro a questo accenna ai due, ridendo)

Che persone moleste!

(offre il thè a Yamadori, che rifiuta)

Yamadori

(sospirando si alza e si inchina a Butterfly, mettendo la mano sul cuore)

Addio. Vi lascio il cuor pien di cordoglio:
ma spero ancor.

Butterfly

Padrone.

Yamadori

(s'avvia, poi torna presso Butterfly)

Ah! se voleste...

Butterfly

Il guaio è che non voglio...

(Yamadori sospira di nuovo: saluta Sharpless, poi se ne va, seguito dal servi. Butterfly fa cenno a Suzuki di preparare il thè: Suzuki eseguisce, poi va in fondo alla camera. Goro segue premurosamente Yamadori)

MADAM BUTTERFLY

Sharpless

I am grieved at such hopeless blindness.

Goro

(whispers to Yamadori and Sharpless)

Mr. Pinkerton's ship is already
Signalled.

Yamadori

(in despair)

And when they meet again —

Sharpless

(whispers to both)

He does not want to see her. — It is for that I came
To try and prepare her. — I have here a letter
From him, which —

(seeing that Butterfly is approaching him with tea, he cuts short his sentence)

Butterfly

(charmingly, offering Sharpless a cup of tea)

Will your Honour allow me —

(opens her fan, and behind it points to the two others, laughing)

What troublesome people!

(offers tea to Yamadori, who refuses)

Yamadori

(rises with a sigh and bows to Butterfly with hand on heart)

Farewell, then. I go, my heart heavy with sorrow,
But still I hope —

Butterfly

So be it.

Yamadori

(is leaving, but returns to Butterfly)

Ah, if you would but —

Butterfly

The pity is: I will not! —

(Yamadori, after having bowed to Sharpless, goes off sighing, followed by his servants. Butterfly signs to Suzuki to remove the tea. Suzuki obeys, then retires to the back of the room. Goro promptly follows Yamadori)

MADAMA BUTTERFLY

Sharpless

(assume un fare grave, serio, però con gran rispetto e con una certa commozione invita Butterfly a sedere, e torna a tirar fuori di tasca la lettera)

Ora a noi. — Qui sedete.

(Butterfly, tutta allegra, siede vicino a Sharpless, che gli presenta la lettera)

Legger con me volete
questa lettera?

Butterfly

Date.

(prenda la lettera, la bacia e poi se la mette sul cuore)

Sulla bocca, sul cuore...

(rende la lettera a Sharpless e gli dice graziosamente:)

Siete l'uomo migliore
del mondo. — Incominciate.

Sharpless

(legge)

*“Amico cercherai
quel bel fior di fanciulla...”*

Butterfly

(interrompendolo con gioia)

Dice proprio così?

Sharpless

Sì, così dice
ma se ad ogni momento...

Butterfly

(rimettendosi tranquilla)

Taccio, taccio — più nulla.

Sharpless

(riprende)

*“Da quel tempo felice
tre anni son passati.”*

Butterfly

(non può trattenersi)

Anche lui li ha contati.

MADAM BUTTERFLY

Sharpless

(assumes a grave and serious aspect; with great respect, however, and some emotion, he invites Butterfly to be seated, and once more draws the letter from his pocket)

Now at last! Now if you please, be seated,

(Butterfly merrily seats herself near Sharpless, who shows her the letter)

And read this letter through with me.

Butterfly

Show me.

(takes the letter, kisses it, then places it on her heart)

On my lips, on my heart —

(gives it back to Sharpless, saying, prettily:)

You are the best man

That ever lived. Begin, I beg you.

Sharpless

(reads)

“Dear Friend, I beg you seek out
“That child, that pretty flower — ”

Butterfly

(interrupting him joyfully)

Does he truly say that?

Sharpless

Yes, he truly says so,
But if you interrupt so —

Butterfly

(calming down again)

I'll be quiet — and listen.

Sharpless

(resumes)

“Those were happy days together;
“Three years have now gone by since — ”

Butterfly

(unable to contain herself)

Then he too has counted!

MADAMA BUTTERFLY

Sharpless

(continua)

*“E forse Butterfly
non mi rammenta più.”*

Butterfly

(sorpresa)

Non lo rammento?

(rivolgendosi a Suzuki)

Suzuki, dillo tu.

(ripete come scandolezzata le parole della lettera)

“Non mi rammenta più!”

(Suzuki accenna affermando, poi entra nella stanza a sinistra)

Sharpless

(fra sè)

(Pazienza!)

(seguita a leggere)

*“Se mi vuole
bene ancora, se mi aspetta...”*

Butterfly

(assai commossa)

Oh le dolci parole!

(prende la lettera e la bacia)

Tu, benedetta!

Sharpless

(riprende la lettera e seguita a leggere imperterrito, ma con voce commossa)

*“A voi mi raccomando
perchè vogliate con circospezione
prepararla...”*

Butterfly

(ansiosa e raggianti)

Ritorna...

Sharpless

“al colpo...”

Butterfly

(salta di gioia e batte le mani)

Quando?

Presto! presto!

MADAM BUTTERFLY

Sharpless

(continues)

“And perhaps Butterfly
“Remembers me no more.”

Butterfly

(surprised)

I not remember?

(turning to Suzuki)

Suzuki, tell him quickly.

(repeats as though scandalized at the words of the letter:)

“Remembers me no more!”

(Suzuki nods her head affirmatively, then goes into room on left)

Sharpless

(to himself)

Oh, patience!

(continues reading)

“If she still

“Cares for me and expects me — ”

Butterfly

(deeply moved)

Oh, what glorious tidings!

(takes the letter and kisses it)

You blessed letter!

Sharpless

(takes the letter back and boldly resumes reading, though his voice is trembling with emotion)

“On you I am relying

“To act discreetly, and with tact

“And caution to prepare her — ”

Butterfly

(anxiously, but radiant)

He's coming —

Sharpless

“For the shock — ”

Butterfly

(jumping for joy and clapping her hands)

Tell me quickly, quickly!

MADAMA BUTTERFLY

Sharpless

(rassegnato piega la lettera e la ripone in tasca)

(Benone.

Qui troncarla conviene...

(crollando il capo arrabbiato)

Quel diavolo d'un Pinkerton!)

(si alza e seriissimo guardando negli occhi Butterfly, le dice:)

Ebbene,

che fareste Madama Butterfly
s'ei non dovesse ritornar più mai?

Butterfly

(immobile, come colpita a morte, china la testa e dice con sommessione infantile:)

Due cose potrei fare:
tornare a divertire
la gente col cantare
oppur, meglio, morire.

Sharpless

(vivamente commosso passeggia agitatissimo, poi torna verso Butterfly, le prende le due mani e con paterna tenerezza le dice:)

Di strapparvi assai mi costa
dai miraggi ingannatori.
Accogliete la proposta
di quel ricco Yamadori.

Butterfly

(ritirando le mani)

Voi, signor, mi dite questo!

Sharpless

(imbarazzato)

Santo Iddio, come si fa?

Butterfly

(batte le mani; Suzuki accorre)

Qui, Suzuki, presto presto
che Sua Grazia se ne va.

Sharpless

Mi scacciate?

(e fa per avviarsi, ma Butterfly corre a lui singhiozzando e lo trattiene)

MADAM BUTTERFLY

Sharpless

(resignedly folds up the letter and replaces it in his pocket)

(Well, really!

Here I ought to prevent her —

(shaking his head in vexation)

That fiend of a Pinkerton!)

(rises, and looking straight into Butterfly's eyes, very seriously)

Now say,

What would you do, tell me, Madam Butterfly,
If he were never to return again?

Butterfly

(is motionless, like one who has received a death blow, bows her head, and says with childlike submissiveness:)

Two things I might do:
Go back and entertain
The people with my songs —
Or else, — better — to die.

Sharpless

(is deeply moved, and walks up and down excitedly — then he turns to Butterfly, takes her hands in his, and says with fatherly tenderness:)

I am loth indeed to tear you
From illusions so beguiling,
But I urge you to accept the hand
Of wealthy Yamadori.

Butterfly

(withdrawing her hands from his)

You, Augustness, you tell me this!

Sharpless

(embarrassed)

Holy powers, what can I do?

Butterfly

(claps her hands — Suzuki hastens in)

Here, Suzuki come quickly please.
Show his Honour to the door.

Sharpless

You dismiss me?

(is on the point of leaving, but Butterfly runs to him sobbing, and holds him back)

MADAMA BUTTERFLY

Butterfly

Ve ne prego,
già l'insistere non vale,

(congeda Suzuki, la quale va nel giardino)

Sharpless

(scusandosi)

Fui brutale, non lo nego.

Butterfly

(dolorosamente, portandosi la mano al cuore)

Oh, mi fate tanto male,
tanto male, tanto, tanto!

Sharpless

(commosso)

Poveretta!...

(Butterfly vacilla; Sharpless fa per sorreggerla)

Butterfly

(subito dominandosi)

Niente, niente!

Ho creduto morir. — Ma passa presto
come passan le nuvole sul mare...
Ah!... mi ha scordata?

(corre nella stanza di sinistra, rientra trionfalmente tenendo il suo bambino seduto sulla spalla e lo mostra a Sharpless gloriandosene)

E questo?... e questo?... e questo
dite che lo potrà pure scordare?...

(depone il bambino a terra e lo tiene stretto a sè)

Sharpless

(con emozione)

Egli è suo?

MADAM BUTTERFLY

Butterfly

I beseech you,
Let my words be quite forgotten.

(dismisses Suzuki, who goes into the garden)

Sharpless

(making excuses)

I was brutal, I admit it.

Butterfly

(sadly, laying her hand on her heart)

Oh, you've wounded me so deeply
Wounded me so very deeply!

Sharpless

(with emotion)

Poor little creature!

(Butterfly totters; Sharpless is about to support her, but she quickly rallies)

Butterfly

'Tis nothing, nothing!
I felt ready to die! — but see, it passes,
Swift as shadows that flit across the ocean.
Ah! am I forgotten?

(runs into the room on the left, and comes back in triumph, carrying her baby on her shoulder, and shows him to Sharpless, full of pride)

Look here then! look here!
Can such as *this* well be forgotten?

(puts the child down on the ground and holds him close to her)

Sharpless

(deeply touched)

Is it his?

MADAMA BUTTERFLY

Butterfly

(indicando mano, mano)

Chi mai vide
a bimbo del Giappone occhi azzurrini?
E il labbro? E i ricciolini
d'oro schietto?

Sharpless

(sempre più commosso)

È palese.

E... Pinkerton lo sa?

Butterfly

No. E nato quando già
egli stava in quel suo grande paese.

(accarezza il suo bambino)

Ma voi gli scriverete che lo aspetta
un figlio senza pari!
e mi saprete dir s' ei non s' affretta
per le terre e pei mari!

(fa sedere il bimbo sul cuscino e lo bacia teneramente)

Sai tu cos' ebbe cuore

(gli indica Sharpless)

di pensar quel signore?
Che tua madre dovrà
prenderti in braccio ed alla pioggia e al vento
andar per la città
a guadagnarti il pane e il vestimento.
Ed alle impietosite
genti, ballando de' suoi canti al suon,
gridare: — Udite, udite,
udite la bellissima canzon
delle ottocentomila
divinità vestite di splendor.
E passerà una fila
di guerrieri coll' Imperator,
cui dirò: — Sommo duce
ferma i tuoi servi e sosta a riguardar

(mostrando il bimbo e carezzandolo)

quest'occhi, ove la luce
dal cielo azzurro onde scendesti appar.

MADAM BUTTERFLY

Butterfly

(pointing to his features one by one)

What Japanese
Baby was ever born with azure eyes?
Such lips too? and such a head
Of golden curls?

Sharpless

(more and more moved)

It is his image.
Has Pinkerton been told?

Butterfly

No, I bore him when he
Was far off in his big native country.

(caressing the child)

But you will write and tell him
There awaits him a son, who has no equal!
And would you tell me then, that he won't hasten
Over land and over sea!

(seats the child on the cushion, and kisses him fondly)

Do you know, my sweet, what that bad man

(points to Sharpless)

Had heart to fancy?

That your mother should take you on her shoulder
And forth should wander in rain and tempest
Through the town, seeking to earn enough
For food and clothing.

And then, before the pitying people
To dance in measure to her song, and cry out:

"Oh, listen, good people,

"Listen for the love of all

"The eight hundred thousand gods and goddesses of
Japan!"

And there will pass a band of valiant warriors
With their Emp'rour, to whom I'll say:

"Noble Ruler, tarry thy footsteps

"And deign to stop and look

(showing the child and caressing him)

"At these blue eyes, as blue as the azure heaven
Whence you, Most High, are come!"

MADAMA BUTTERFLY

(si accoscia presso il bambino o continua con voce carezzante e lacrimosa)

E allor fermato il piè
l'Imperrator d'ogni grazia degno,
(mette la sua guancia presso la guancia del bimbo)
forse farà di te
il principe più bello del suo regno.

Sharpless

(non può trattenere lagrime)

(Quanta pietà!)

(poi, vincendo la propria emozione, dice:)

Vien sera. Io scendo al piano.

(Butterfly si alza in piedi e con atto gentile dà la mano a Sharpless che la stringe con ambe le mani con effusione)

Sharpless

Mi perdonate?

Butterfly

(al bimbo)

A te, dagli la mano.

Sharpless

(prende il bambino in braccio)

I bei capelli biondi!

(lo bacia)

Caro: come ti chiamano?

Butterfly

Rispondi:

Oggi il mio nome è: *Dolore*. Però
dite al babbo, scrivendogli, che il giorno
del suo ritorno
Gioia, mi chiamerò.

Sharpless

Tuo padre lo saprà, te lo prometto.

(mette il bambino in terra, fa un saluto a Butterfly, ed esce rapidamente)

Butterfly

(battendo le mani)

Suzuki.

MADAM BUTTERFLY

(she crouches down beside the child, and continues in caressing and tearful tones)

And then, the noble King
Will stay his progress, full of gracious kindness,

(pressing her cheek next to the baby's cheek)

Who knows? he'll make of you
The most exalted ruler of his kingdom.

(she strains the child to her heart, and crouching down on the ground, hugs him passionately)

Sharpless

(cannot restrain his tears)

(Poor faithful soul!)

(then, conquering his emotion, he says:)

'Tis evening. I must be going.

(Butterfly rises to her feet and with a charming gesture gives Sharpless her hand; he shakes it cordially with both of his)

You will excuse me?

Butterfly

(to the child)

Now you — give him your hand. love.

Sharpless

(takes the child in his arms)

What pretty golden ringlets!

(kisses him)

Darling, what do they call you?

Butterfly

Give answer:

Sir, to-day my name is *Trouble*. But yet
Write and tell my father, on the day
Of his returning
Joy shall be my name.

Sharpless

Your father shall be told, that I will promise.

(puts down the child, bows to Butterfly, and goes out quickly by door on the right)

Butterfly

(clapping her hands)

Suzuki.

MADAMA BUTTERFLY

Suzuki

(di fuori grida)

Vespa! Rospo maledetto!

(poi entra trascinando con violenza Goro che tenta inutilmente di sfuggirle)

Butterfly

Che fu?

Suzuki

Ci ronza intorno

il vampiro! e ogni giorno
ai quattro venti
spargendo va
che niuno sa
chi padre al bimbo sia!

(Suzuki lascia Goro, il quale tenta di giustificarsi)

Goro

Dicevo solo
che qui i vostri parenti
non han pietà;
che quel figliuolo
padre non ha.
Che stolto è lo sperare...

(Butterfly, furente, corre al reliquiario e prende il coltello che servi per l' *hari-kari*—suicidio per condanna—di suo padre, gridando:)

Butterfly

Ah! menti! menti!

(afferra Goro, che cade a terra, e minaccia d' ucciderlo: Goro grida disperatamente)

Dillo ancora e t'uccido!...

Suzuki

(Intromettendosi)

No!

(spaventata a tale scena prende il bimbo e lo porta nella stanza a sinistra)

Butterfly

(presa da disgusto, respinge Goro col piede)

Va via!

MADAM BUTTERFLY

Suzuki

(shouting outside)

Scoundrel! Rascal! Wretched coward!

(she then comes in, roughly dragging in Goro, who tries in vain to escape)

Butterfly

Who's that?

Suzuki

He prowls around here,
Evil reptile! from morn to evening,
And tells this scandal
All through the town:
That no one knows
Who is this baby's father!

(she releases Goro, who tries to justify himself)

Goro

I only told her
That out in America
Whene'er a baby
Is born in such conditions,
He will be shunned throughout his life
And treated as an outcast —

(Butterfly, enraged, runs to the shrine, and takes down the sword which was used for the *bara kiri* — condemned suicide — of her father, crying:)

Butterfly

Ah, you're lying, lying!

(seizes Goro, who falls down, and threatens to kill him: Goro utters desperate howls)

Say't again and I'll kill you!

Suzuki

(thrusts herself between them)

No!

(horried at such a scene, she takes the baby and carries him into the room on the left)

Butterfly

(seized with disgust, pushes him away with her foot)

Begone!

MADAMA BUTTERFLY

(Goro fugge: poi Butterfly si scuote, va a riporre il coltello e volgendo il pensiero al suo bambino, esclama:)

O mio piccolo amore,
mia pena e mio conforto,
il tuo vendicatore
ci porterà lontan nella sua terra
dove...

(un colpo di cannone)

Suzuki

(entrando affannosamente)

Il cannon del porto!

(corre verso il terrazzo: Butterfly la segue)

Una nave da guerra.

Butterfly

(giubilante, ansante)

Bianca... bianca... il vessillo americano
delle stelle... Or governa
per ancorare.

(prende sul tavolino un cannocchiale e corre sul terrazzo: tutta tremante per l'emozione, appunta il cannocchiale verso il porto e dice a Suzuki:)

Reggimi la mano
ch'io ne discerna
il nome, il nome, il nome. Ecco! ABRAMO
LINCOLN

(dà il cannocchiale a Suzuki, poi in preda a grande esaltazione scendendo dal terrazzo esclama:)

Tutti han mentito!
tutti!... tutti!... sol io
lo sapevo — io — che l'amo.

(a Suzuki)

Vedi lo scimunito
tuo dubbio? È giunto! è giunto!
proprio nel punto
che mi diceva ognun: piangi e dispera,
Trionfa il mio
amor, trionfa la mia fede intera.
Ei torna e m'ama, —

MADAM BUTTERFLY

(Goro makes his escape; Butterfly rouses herself and goes to put away the dagger, and her thoughts turning to her child, she exclaims:)

Oh, you'll see, love of my heart,
My grief and yet my comfort,
That your avenger soon will be here
And take you and me to his own country,
Where —

(a cannon-shot)

Suzuki

(enters breathlessly)

The harbour cannon!

(runs toward the terrace — Butterfly follows her)

Look, 'tis a man-of-war.

Butterfly

(breathless with excitement)

White — white — the American
Stars and stripes — 'tis putting
Into port to anchor.

(takes a telescope from the table and runs on to the terrace: all trembling with excitement, she directs the telescope towards the harbour, and says to Suzuki:)

Keep my hand steady

That I may read the name,

The name, the name. Here it is: Abraham Lincoln!

(gives the telescope to Suzuki, and goes down from the terrace in the greatest state of excitement)

They all were liars!

Liars! liars! But I

Knew it always — I — who love him.

(to Suzuki)

Now do you see the folly of your doubting?

He's coming! He's coming!

Just at the moment you all were saying:

Weep and forget him. My love wins the day.

My love and faith have won completely —

He's here — he loves me!

MADAMA BUTTERFLY

(e in preda ad una esaltazione giubilante va al terrazzo, dicendo a Suzuki:)

Scuoti quella fronda
e dei suoi fior m'innonda. —
Nella pioggia odorosa io vo' tuffare
l'arsa fronte.

(singhiozzando per tenerezza)

Suzuki

(calmandola)

quetatevi: quel pianto...

Butterfly

No: rido, rido! Quanto
lo dovremo aspettare?
Che pensi? Un' ora?

Suzuki

Di più.

Butterfly

(giudiziosa)

Certo di più
Due ore forse. Tu
va pei fiori. Che qui tutto sia pieno
di fior, come la notte è di faville.

(accenna a Suzuki di andare nel giardino)

Suzuki

(dal terrazzo)

Tutti i fior?...

MADAM BUTTERFLY

(a prey to the greatest excitement and joy, she goes on to the terrace, saying:)

Shake that cherry-tree till ev'ry flower,
White as snow, flutters down —
His noble brow, in a sweet scented shower
I would smother.

(sobbing for tenderness)

Suzuki

(soothing her)

Sweet Madam,
Be calm, I pray: this weeping —

Butterfly

Nay, laughing, laughing! When
May we expect him up here?
What think you? In an hour?

Suzuki

Too soon.

Butterfly

(thoughtfully)

Yes, 'tis too soon.
Two hours more likely. You
Go for flowers. Flowers be everywhere
As close as stars are in the heavens.
(signs to Suzuki to go into the garden)

Suzuki

(from the terrace)

All the flowers?

MADAMA BUTTERFLY

Butterfly

Tutti. Pesco, viola, gelsomino,
quanto di cespo, o d' erba, o d' albero fiorì.

Suzuki

Uno squallor d' inverno sarà tutto il giardino.

(scende nel giardino)

Butterfly

Tutta la primavera voglio che olezzi qui.

Suzuki

(appare sul terrazzo e sporge un fascio di fiori e di fronde)

A voi signora.

Butterfly

(prendendo il fascio)

Cogline ancora.

(Butterfly sparge i fiori nella stanza, mentre Suzuki ritorna nel giardino)

Suzuki

(dal giardino)

Soventi a questa siepe veniste a riguardare
lunghi, piangendo nella deserta immensità.

Butterfly

Giunse l'atteso, nulla ormai più chiedo al mare;
diedi pianto alla zolla, essa i suoi fior mi dà

Suzuki

(appare nuovamente sul terrazzo con un altro gran fascio di fiori)

Spoglio è l' orto.

Butterfly

(prendendo i fiori)

Qua il tuo carico.
Vien, m' aiuta.

(spargono fiori ovunque)

Suzuki

Rose al varco
della soglia.

MADAM BUTTERFLY

Butterfly

All — Peaches, violets, jessamine,
Ev'ry spray of gorse or grass or flow'ring tree.

Suzuki

Desolate as in winter the garden will appear.
(goes into the garden)

Butterfly

Ah! but the balmy breath of spring shall shed her
sweetness here.

Suzuki

(appears on the terrace and holds out a large bunch of flowers and foliage to Butterfly)
Here's more, dear mistress.

Butterfly

(taking the bunch)

'Tis not enough yet.

(Butterfly distributes the flowers about the room, while Suzuki goes back to the garden)

Suzuki

(from the garden)

How often at this window you've stood and wept, and waited.
Gazing and gazing into the wide, wide world beyond.

Butterfly

No more need I pray for, since the kind sea has brought him.
I gave my tears to the earth, and it returns me flow'rs!

Suzuki

(reappears on the terrace with another load of flowers)

Not a flow'r left.

Butterfly

(taking the flowers)

Give me your burden.

Come and help me.

(they scatter flowers everywhere)

Suzuki

Roses shall adorn

The threshold.

MADAMA BUTTERFLY

Butterfly

Il suo sedil
di convolvi s' inghirlandi.

Suzuki

Gigli?... viole?...

Butterfly

intorno spandi.

Butterfly e Suzuki

Seminiamo intorno april.

(con leggero ondulamento di danza spargono ovunque fiori)

Gettiamo a mani piene
mambole e tuberose,
corolle di verbene
petali d' ogni fior!

(Butterfly, aiutata da Suzuki va a prendere il necessario per la toeletta)

Butterfly

(a Suzuki)

Vienmi ad adornar...

No. Pria, portami il bimbo.

(Suzuki va nella stanza a sinistra e porta il bambino che fa sedere vicino a Butterfly, fa quale, intanto, si guarda in un piccolo specchio e dice tristamente:)

Ahimè, non son più quella!
Troppi sospiri la bocca mandò,
e l'occhio riguardò
nel lontan troppo fisso.

(si getta a terra, appoggiando la testa sui piedi di Suzuki)

Suzuki, fammi bella, fammi bella!

Suzuki

(accarezzando la testa di Butterfly, per calmarla)

Gioia e riposo accrescono beltà.

Butterfly

Chissà! Chissà!

(si alza, torna alla toeletta e dice a Suzuki:)

Dammi sul viso
un tocco di carmino...

MADAM BUTTERFLY

Butterfly

Now round his seat
Entwine convolvulus.

Suzuki

Lillies? — Violets?

Butterfly

Come, scatter flowers.

Butterfly and Suzuki

Let us sow fair April here.

(lightly swaying their bodies to a dance measure, they scatter flowers everywhere)

In handfuls let us scatter
Violets and roses white,
Sprays of scented sweet verbenas,
And the petals of all flowers!

(Butterfly, assisted by Suzuki, fetches out her toilet requirements)

Butterfly

(to Suzuki)

Now, come and make me fine —

No, first bring me the baby.

(Suzuki goes into the room on the left and brings the child, whom she seats near Butterfly who meanwhile looks at herself in a small hand-mirror, and says sadly:)

Alas, how changed he'll find me!
Drawn, weary mouth from overmuch sighing,
And poor tired eyes from overmuch crying.
(throws herself on the ground, laying her head on Suzuki's feet)
Suzuki, make me pretty, make me pretty!

Suzuki

(stroking Butterfly's head, to sooth her)

Rest calm and happy, and you'll be fair once more.

Butterfly

Who knows? who knows?

(rises, resumes her toilet and says to Suzuki:)

Put on each cheek
A little touch of carmine —

MADAMA BUTTERFLY

(prende un pennello e mette del rosso sulle guancie del suo bimbo)

ed anche a te piccino
perchè la veglia non ti faccia vôte
per pallore le gote.

Suzuki

(a Butterfly)

Ferma che v'ho i capelli a ravviare.

Butterfly

(seguendo una sua idea)

Che ne diranno
ora i parenti!
E che dirà lo zio
Bonzo? Qual cicallo
faranno in coro
le comari con Goro,
già del mio danno
tutti contenti!
E Yamadori
coi suoi languori!
Beffati,
scornati,
spennati
gl' ingrati!

Suzuki

(ha terminato la toeletta)

È fatto.

Butterfly

L' obi che vestii da sposa.

(Suzuki va ad un cassettoni e vi cerca la veste, mentre Butterfly attira a sè il bambino)

MADAM BUTTERFLY

(takes a paintbrush and puts a dab of rouge on the baby's cheeks)

And also for my darling
So that the watching may not make his face
Heavy and palid.

Suzuki

Nay, but keep still, till I've finished arranging your hair.

Butterfly

(pursuing her thoughts)

What a surprise
For all my relations!
And for the Bonze
My uncle! How they
Will prate and shout in chorus!
Oh what a hubbub I can hear
The gossips make with Goro!
All of them sure and glad
Of my downfall!
And Yamadori
With his airs and graces!
My scorn and derision,
My jeers and contempt
For the wretches!

Suzuki

(has finished Butterfly's toilet)

I've finished.

Butterfly

Bring me my wedding-garment.

(Suzuki goes to a small coffer and brings out the obi and the white garment, returns with two garments, and gives one with the obi to Butterfly)

MADAMA BUTTERFLY

Butterfly

(depone il bimbo)

Qua ch'io lo vesta.

(mentre indossa la veste, Suzuki mette l'altra al bambino, avvolgendolo quasi tutto nella pieghe ampia e leggiere)

Vo' che mi veda indosso
il vel del primo dì.
E un papavero rosso
nei capelli...

(Suzuki, che ha finito d'abbigliare il bambino, cerca il fiore e lo punta nei capelli di Butterfly che se ne compiace, guardandosi nello specchio)

Così

(poi fa cenno a Suzuki di abbassare lo *shosi*)

Nello *shosi* or farem tre forellini
per riguardar,
e starem zitti come topolini
ad aspettar.

(Porta il bambino presso lo *shosé*, nel quale fa tre fori: uno alto per sè, uno più basso per Suzuki e il terzo ancor più basso pel bimbo, che fa sedere su di un cuscino, accennandogli di guardare attento fuori del foro preparatogli. Suzuki si accoscia e spia essa pure all'esterno. Butterfly si pone innanzi al foro più alto e spia da quello. Dopo qualche tempo Suzuki ed il bambino si addormentano. Intanto si è fatta notte ed i raggi lunari illuminano dall'esterno lo *shosi*, Butterfly rimane immobile, rigida come una statua.)

MADAM BUTTERFLY

Butterfly

(puts down the child)

Bring it hither quickly.

(while she puts on her garment, Suzuki dresses the child in the other one, wrapping him up almost entirely in the ample and light draperies)

I would have him see me in it
As on my wedding-day.
In my hair we will put
A scarlet poppy —

(Suzuki, who has finished dressing the baby, fetches the flower and places it in Butterfly's hair. The latter looks at herself in the glass, and is pleased with the effect)

Like this.

(she then signs to Suzuki to lower the *shosi*)

In the *shosi* we'll make three little holes
That we can look out,
And still as little mice we'll stay here
To watch and wait.

(She carries the child close to the *shosi*, in which she makes three holes; one high up for herself, one lower down for Suzuki, and a third one lower still for the baby, whom she seats on a cushion, showing him how to look out of his hole. Suzuki crouches down and also gazes out through her hole. Butterfly stands in front of the top hole and gazes through it. After some time Suzuki and the child fall asleep. Meanwhile night has fallen, and the rays of the moon shed their lights from without the *shosi*. Butterfly remains motionless, rigid as a statue.

ATTO TERZO

Passa la notte angosciosa. — Dal porto al basso della collina salgono voci confuse di maranai e rumori diversi. — All'alzarsi del sipario è già l'alba: Butterfly spia sempre al di fuori.

Suzuki

(svegliandosi di soprassalto)

È l' alba.

(si alza e batte dolcemente sulla spalla a Butterfly)

Cio-Cio-San !

Butterfly

(si scuote e fidente dice:)

Verrà col pieno

sole.

(vede il bimbo addormentato e lo prende sulle braccia)

Suzuki

Salite a riposar, sì affranta
e sì pallida siete! Al suo venire
tosto vi chiamerò.

Butterfly

(cantando dolcemente s' avvia per la scaletta)

Dormi amor mio
dormi sul mio cor.
Tu sei con Dio
ed io col mio dolor.
A te i rai
degli astri d' or:
dormi tesor!

(entra nella camera superiore)

ACT III

(The weary night of watching passes. The clanging of chains and anchors and the distant voices of sailors rise from the harbour at the foot of the hill. At the rising of the curtain is already dawn; Butterfly, still motionless, is gazing out into the distance.)

Suzuki

(awakening with a start)

'Tis daylight.

(rises and taps Butterfly lightly on the shoulder)

Cho-Cho-San!

Butterfly

(starts, and says confidently:)

He'll come; he'll come -- I know he'll come.

(sees that the child has fallen asleep, and takes him in her arms)

Suzuki

I pray you, go and rest, for you are weary,
And I will call you when he arrives.

Butterfly

(singing softly as she goes up the staircase)

Sweet, thou art sleeping,
Cradled on my heart;
Safe in God's keeping,
While I must weep apart;
Around thy head the moonbeams dart,
Sleep, my belovéd!

(goes into the room above)

MADAMA BUTTERFLY

Suzuki

(la guarda salire e dice con gran pietà:)

Povera Butterfly!

(Suzuki si inginocchia innanzi al simulacro di Budda, poi va ad aprire lo *shoji*)

PINKERTON e SHARPLESS *picchiano lievemente all'uscio d'ingresso.*

Suzuki

Chi sia?

(va ad aprire e rimane grandemente sorpresa)

Oh!...

Sharpless

(facendole cenno di non far rumore)

Zitta! zitta!

(Pinkerton e Sharpless entrano cautamente in punta di piedi)

Pinkerton

(premurosamente a Suzuki:)

Dorme? Non la destare.

Suzuki

Ell'era tanto stanca! Vi stette ad aspettare tutta la notte col bimbo.

Pinkerton

Come sapea?...

Suzuki

Non giunge
da tre anni una nave nel porto, che da lunge
Butterfly non ne scruti il color, la bandiera.

MADAM BUTTERFLY

Suzuki

(watches her go, and says with deep pity:)

Poor Madam Butterfly!

(Suzuki kneels before the image of Buddha, then goes to open the *shoji*)

PINKERTON *and* SHARPLESS *knock gently at the door*

Suzuki

Who is it?

(goes to open the door, and stands greatly surprised)

Oh!

Sharpless

(signing her not to make a noise)

Hush! Hush!

(Pinkerton and Sharpless enter cautiously on tiptoe)

Pinkerton

(anxiously, to Suzuki)

Is she asleep? Disturb her not.

Suzuki

She was so very weary!

She stood expecting you

All through the night, with the baby.

Pinkerton

How did she know?

Suzuki

No ship has crossed the harbour these three years

Whose flags and colours Butterfly has not

Eagerly examined.

MADAMA BUTTERFLY

Sharpless

(a Pinkerton)

Ve lo dissi?...

Suzuki

(per andare)

La chiamo...

Pinkerton

(fermandola)

Non ancora

Suzuki

Ier sera,
lo vedete, la stanza volle sparger di fiori.

Sharpless

(commosso)

Ve lo dissi?

Pinkerton

(turbato)

Che pena!

Suzuki

(sorpresa)

Pena!

(sente rumore nel giardino)

Chi c'è là fuori
nel giardino?

(va a guardare fuori dallo *shoji* e con meraviglia esclama:)

Una donna!!...

Pinkerton

(la riconduce sul davanti)

Zitta!

Suzuki

(agitata)

Chi è? chi è?

Sharpless

Meglio dirle ogni cosa.

MADAM BUTTERFLY

Sharpless

(to Pinkerton)

Did I not tell you?

Suzuki

(going)

I'll call her.

Pinkerton

(stopping her)

No, not yet.

Suzuki

Look around you,

Last night she would have the room
Decorated with flowers.

Sharpless

(deeply touched)

Did I not tell you?

Pinkerton

(distressed)

Oh, torment?

Suzuki

(distressed)

Torment?

(hears sounds from the garden)

Who's that outside there

In the garden?

(goes to look through the *shoji* and exclaims in surprise:)

A lady!! —

Pinkerton

(leading her forward again)

Hush!

Suzuki

(excitedly)

Who's that? Who's that?

Sharpless

Better tell her all.

MADAMA BUTTERFLY

Pinkerton

(imbarazzato)

È venuta con me.

Sharpless

(deliberatamente)

Sua moglie.

Suzuki

(sbalordita, alza le braccia al cielo, poi si precipita in ginocchio colla faccia contro terra)

Anime sante degli avi!... alla piccina
s'è spento il sol!

Sharpless

(calmando Suzuki e sollevandola da terra)

Scegliemmo quest'ora mattutina
per ritrovarti sola, Suzuki, e alla gran prova
un aiuto, un sostegno cercar con te.

Suzuki

(desolata)

Che giova?

(Sharpless prende a parte Suzuki e cerca colla preghiera e colla persuasione di averne il consenso: Pinkerton, sempre più agitato, si aggira per la stanza ed osserva)

Sharpless

(a Suzuki)

Io so che alle sue pene
non ci sono conforti!
Ma del bimbo conviene
assicurar le sorti!

La pietosa
che entrar non osa
materna cura
del bimbo avrà.

Suzuki

E volete ch'io chieda
a una madre...

MADAM BUTTERFLY

Pinkerton

(in confusion)

She came with me. —

Sharpless

(deliberately)

She's his wife.

Suzuki

(stupified, raises her arms to Heaven, then falls on her knees with her face to the ground)

Hallowed souls of my fathers!
The world is plunged in gloom!

Sharpless

(calming her, and raising her from the ground)

We came here so early in the morning
To find you all alone, that you might give us
Your help and guidance in this our plight.

Suzuki

(in despair)

How can I?

(Sharpless takes her aside and tries with prayers and entreaties to get her consent, while
Pinkerton, getting more and more agitated, wanders about the room, noting every detail)

Sharpless

(to Suzuki)

I know that for such a trouble
There is no consolation!
But the future of the baby
Must be our first and special thought!
This gentle lady
Who dare not enter
Will give the child a mother's care.

Suzuki

Woe is me! do you ask me
To go and tell a mother —

MADAMA BUTTERFLY

Sharpless

(insistendo)

Suvvia,
parla con quella pia
e conducila qui — s'anche la veda
Butterfly, non importa.
Anzi — meglio se accorta
del vero si facesse alla sua vista.
Vieni, vieni!...

Suzuki

Oh me trista! me trista!

(spinta da Sharpless va nel giardino a raggiungere Mistress Pinkerton)

Pinkerton

Oh! l'amara fragranza
di questi fiori
velenosa al cor mi va.
Immutata è la stanza
dei nostri amori...
ma un gel di morte vi sta.

(vede il proprio ritratto, lo osserva)

Il mio ritratto! — Svanita è l'immagine
qual foglia in chiuse pagine.

(lo depone)

Tre anni son passati — e noverati
ella n'ha i giorni e l'ore
nell'immobile fede...

(agitatissimo a queste rimembranze si rivolge a Sharpless che è ritornato a lui vicino)

Non posso rimaner. — Sharpless vi aspetto
per via. Datele voi... qualche soccorso...

(consegna danari al Console)

Mi struggo dal rimorso.

Sharpless

Non ve l'avevo detto?

MADAM BUTTERFLY

Sharpless

(persisting)

Delay not, call her,
Call in that gentle lady
And conduct her here — if even
Butterfly should see her, no matter.
Then with her eyes she will learn
The cruel truth we dare not tell her.

Suzuki

Oh, woe is me!

(Sharpless pushes her into the garden, where she joins Mrs. Pinkerton)

Pinkerton

Oh, the bitter fragrance
Of these flowers,
It is poison to my heart.
Unchanged is the chamber
Where once we loved —
But a deathly chill haunts the air.

(sees his own likeness and takes it up)

And here my portrait!

(puts it down)

Faded is the likeness,
Just like a leaf pressed between pages.
Three years have passed away,
And ev'ry day, every hour she counted —

(agitated by these reminiscences he turns to Sharpless)

I cannot remain, — Sharpless, I'll wait for you
Outside. Give her this money, just to support her —

(gives the Consul some money)

Remorse and anguish choke me.

Sharpless

Is it not as I told you!

MADAMA BUTTERFLY

Pinkerton

Sì. Tutto in un istante
vedo il mio fallo e sento
che di questo tormento
tregua mai non avrò.
Sempre il mite semblante
vedrò, con strazio atroce,
sempre la dolce voce
lamentosa udrò.
Addio fiorito asil
di letizia e d'amor.
Non reggo al tuo squallor!
Fuggo, fuggo — son vil.

Sharpless

Vel dissi... vi ricorda?
quando la man vi diede:
Badate, ella ci crede
e fui profeta allor.
Sorda ai consigli, sorda
ai dubbi — vilipesa
nell'ostinata attesa
tutto raccolse il cor.
Ma ormai quel cor sincero
forse presago è già.
Andate — il triste vero
da sola apprenderà.

(Pinkerton, strette le mani al Console, esce rapidamente, mentre Kate e Suzuki vengono dal giardino)

MADAM BUTTERFLY

Pinkerton

Yes. In one sudden moment
I see my heartless action,
And feel that I shall never free myself
From remorse.
Haunted for ever I shall be
By her reproachful eyes.
Farewell, O happy home!
Farewell, home of love!
I cannot bear to stay!
Like a coward let me fly —
Farewell!

Sharpless

I warned you — you remember?
When in your hand she laid hers:
“Be careful, for she believes you.”
Alas, how true I spoke!
Deaf to doubting, humiliation,
Blindly trusting to your promise
Her heart will break.
But now this faithful heart
Has perhaps already divined.
Now go — the cruel truth
She best should hear alone.

(Pinkerton, wringing the Consul's hands, goes out quickly as Kate and Suzuki come in from the garden)

MADAMA BUTTERFLY

Kate

(a Suzuki)

Glielo dirai?

Suzuki

Prometto.

Kate

E le darai consiglio
di affidarmi?...

Suzuki

Prometto.

Kate

Lo terrò come un figlio.

Suzuki

Vi credo. Ma bisogna ch'io le sia sola accanto...
Nella grande ora — sola! — Piangerà tanto tanto!

Butterfly

(dall'interno della camera superiore)

Suzuki, dove sei... parla...

(appare in cima alla scaletta)

Suzuki!...

Suzuki

(fa cenno agli altri di tacere, poi risponde:)

Son qui... pregavo e rimettevo a posto...

(Butterfly scende: Suzuki si precipita verso la scaletta per impedire a Butterfly di scendere)

No... no... non discendete...

Butterfly

(discende precipitosa, svincolandosi da Suzuki che cerca invano di trattenerla, poi si aggira per la stanza con grande agitazione, ma giubilante)

È qui... dov'è nascosto?

MADAM BUTTERFLY

Kate

(to Suzuki)

Then you will tell her?

Suzuki

I promise.

Kate

And you will counsel her

To trust me?

Suzuki

I promise.

Kate

Like my son will I tend him.

Suzuki

I trust you! But I must be alone beside her
In this cruel hour! She will weep so sorely!

Butterfly

(calling from the room above)

Suzuki, Suzuki, where are you?

(appears at the head of the staircase)

Suzuki

(signs to the others to keep quiet, then answers:)

I'm here. I was praying, and going back to watch —

(Butterfly comes down. Suzuki rushes toward the staircase to prevent her from coming)

No, no, do not come down.

Butterfly

(comes down quickly, freeing herself from Suzuki, who tries in vain to hold her back; then she paces the room in a state of great excitement but happiness)

He's here — where is he hidden?

MADAMA BUTTERFLY

(vede Sharpless)

Ecco il Console... e... dove? dove?...

(cerca dietro ai paraventi)

Non c'è.

(si volge a vede Madama Pinkerton)

Chi siete?

Perchè veniste? Niuno parla!... Perchè piangete
No: non ditemi nulla... nulla — forse potrei
cader morta sull'attimo. — Tu Suzuki che sei
tanto buona — non piangere! — e mi vuoi tanto bene
un Sì od un No — di' piano — Vive?

Suzuki

Sì.

Butterfly

Ma non viene

più. Te l'han detto!...

(irritata al silenzio di Suzuki)

Vespa! Voglio che tu risponda.

Suzuki

Mai più.

Butterfly

Ma è giunto ieri?

Suzuki

Sì.

Butterfly

(guarda Kate, quasi affascinata)

Quella donna bionda
mi fa tanta paura! Mi fa tanta paura!

Sharpless

E la causa innocente d' ogni vostra sciagura
Perdonatele.

Butterfly

Ah! è sua moglie!
Tutto è morto per me!
Tutto è finito!

Sharpless

Coraggio!

MADAM BUTTERFLY

(sees Sharpless)

Here is the Consul — and where is? — where is? —

(looks behind the screens)

Not here!

(turns and sees Mrs. Pinkerton)

Who are you?

Why have you come?—No one answers!—Why are you weeping?

No, no, tell me nothing — nothing — lest I fall dead

At your feet at the words I hear! You, Suzuki,

Are always so faithful — do not weep, I pray!

Since you love me so dearly, say “yes” or “no” quite softly,

He lives?

Suzuki

Yes.

Butterfly

But he'll come

No more. They have told you!

(angered at Suzuki's silence)

Woman, I want you to reply.

Suzuki

No more.

Butterfly

He reached here yesterday?

Suzuki

Yes.

Butterfly

(looks at Kate as though compelled)

Who is this lady

That terrifies me — terrifies me?

Sharpless

Through no fault of her own

She's the cause of your trouble. Forgive her, pray.

Butterfly

Ah! She is his wife

All is dead for me —

All is finished.

Sharpless

Courage!

MADAMA BUTTERFLY

Butterfly

Voglion prendermi tutto! il figlio mio.

Sharpless

Fatelo pel suo bene il sacrificio.

Butterfly

Ah! triste madre!

Abbandonar mio figlio

E sia! A lui devo obbedir!

Kate

(dolcemente)

Potete perdonarmi, Butterfly?

Butterfly

(con aria grave)

Sotto il gran ponte del cielo non v'è
donna di voi più felice.

Siatelo sempre felice

e non vi rattristate mai per me.

Mi piacerebbe pur che gli diceste
che pace io troverò.

Kate

(stendendo la mano)

E la mano... la man... me la daresti?

Butterfly

(ritraendosi un poco ma rispondendo, con dolcezza)

Vi prego — questo... no...

Andate adesso.

Kate

(avviandosi, dice a Sharpless:)

Povera piccina!

Sharpless

(assai commosso)

È un' immensa pietà!

Kate

(sottovoce a Sharpless)

E il figlio lo darà?

Butterfly

(che ha udito)

A lui lo potrò dare

se lo verrà a cercare.

Fra mezz' ora salite la collina.

(Suzuki accompagna Kate e Sharpless che escono dalla porta di destra. Butterfly si regge a stento: Suzuki si affretta a sorreggerla)

MADAM BUTTERFLY

Butterfly

And will you take from me all!
He is my child.

Sharpless

Make for him the sacrifice.

Butterfly

'Tis hard for me, very hard.
Abandoned! ah! my son!
To him I owe my duty.

Kate

(gently)

Can you not forgive me, Butterfly?

Butterfly

(solemnly)

Neath the blue vault of heaven
There is no happier lady than you are —
May you remain so
Nor e'er be saddened through me —
Yet it would please me greatly
That you should tell him
That peace will come to me —

Kate

(holding out her hand)

Your hand — your hand, may I not take it?

Butterfly

(drawing back, but replying kindly)

I pray you — no — not that!
Now go and leave me.

Kate

(going away, says to Sharpless)

Poor little lady!

Sharpless

(deeply moved)

Oh, the pity of it all!

Kate

(whispers to Sharpless)

And can he have his son?

Butterfly

(who has heard)

His son I will give him
If he will come and fetch him.
Climb this hill in half an hour from now.

(Suzuki escorts Kate and Sharpless, who go out by the door on the right; Butterfly is on the point of collapsing; Suzuki hastens to support her)

MADAMA BUTTERFLY

Suzuki

(mettendo una mano sul cuore a Butterfly)

Come una mosca prigioniera
I' ali batte il piccolo cuor!

Butterfly

(si è riavuta e vedendo che è giorno fatto si scioglie de Suzuki dicendole:)

Troppo luce è di fuor,
e troppa primavera.
Chiudi.

(Suzuki chiude porte e tende: lacamera rimane quasi in completa oscurità)
(a Suzuki)

Il bimbo ove sia?

Suzuki

Giuoca. Lo chiamo?

Butterfly

Lascialo giuocar.
(congedandola)

Va. — Fagli compagnia.

Suzuki

Non vi voglio lasciar.
(si getta ai piedi di Butterfly piangendo)
Resto con voi.

Butterfly

(risolutamente batte le maui)

Va — va. Te lo comando.

(fa alzare Suzuki a la springe fuori dell'uscio di sinistra. — Poi Butterfly accende un lumedavanti al reliquiario, si inchina e rimane immobile assorta in doloroso pensiero: va allo stipo, ne leva un grau volo bianco che getta sul paravento; poi prende il coltello che chi, uso in un astuccio di lacca, sta appeso alla parete presso il simulacro di Budda, lo impugna e ne bacia religiosamente la lama tenendola colle due mani per la punta e per l'impugnatura: quindi legge le parole che sono incise sulla lama:)

“Con onor muore

Chi non può serbar vita con onore.”

(si appunta il coltello alla gola; s'apre la porta di sinistra e si vede il braccio di Suzuki che spinge il bambino verso la madre; il bimbo entra correndo colle manine alzate; Butterfly lascia cadere il coltello, si precipita verso il bambino, lo abbraccia soffocandolo di baci.)

Tu, tu, piccolo Iddio!

Amore, amore mio,

fior di giglio e di rosa,

qui la tua testa bionda

qui, ch'io nasconda

MADAM BUTTERFLY

Suzuki

(laying her hand on Butterfly's heart)

Like to a poor imprison'd bird
Beats this little fluttering heart!

Butterfly

(gradually recovers; seeing that it is now broad daylight she disengages herself from Suzuki and says:)

Too much light shines outside,
And too much smiling spring.
Close them.

(pointing to the curtains)

(Suzuki closes doors and curtains — the room is almost in total darkness)

Where is the child?

Suzuki

Playing. Shall I call him!

Butterfly

Leave him at his play.

(dismissing her)

Go — go and play with him.

Suzuki

I will not leave you alone.

(throws herself weeping at Butterfly's feet)

With you I stay.

Butterfly

(resolutely — clapping her hands)

Go — go — obey my orders.

(makes the weeping Suzuki rise, and pushes her outside the exit on the left. Then Butterfly goes in front of the image of Buddha, bows before it and remains motionless, lost in sad thought; she goes to the shrine and takes from it a large white veil which she throws across the screen; she takes the dagger which, in a waxen sheath, is leaning against the wall near the image of Buddha, and piously kisses the blade, holding it with both hands by the point and by the handle; then she reads the words inscribed on the blade:)

“To die with honour

When one can no longer live with honour.”

(she points the dagger at her throat; the door on the left opens and shows Suzuki's arm pushing in the child to his mother; the child runs to her with outstretched hands. Butterfly lets fall the dagger, darts towards the child and hugs and kisses him almost to suffocation)

You, you, beloved idol!
Adoréd being! Fairest
Flower of beauty!
Here on your dear fair head,
Here let me bury

MADAMA BUTTERFLY

la fronte dolorosa
ne' tuoi capelli. Non saperlo mai
per te, per i tuoi puri
occhi, muor Butterfly
perchè tu possa andare
di là dal mare
senza che ti rimorda ai di maturi,
il materno abbandono.
O a me, sceso dal trono
dell' alto Paradiso,
guarda ben fiso, fiso
di tua madre là faccia!...
che te'n resti una traccia,
sia pur pallida e poca.
Che non tutto consunto
vada di mia beltà l'ultimo fior.

(guarda lungamente il suo bimbo e lo bacia ancora)

Addio! piccolo amor!
Va. Gioca, gioca.

(Butterfly prende il bambino, lo mette su di una stuoia col viso voltato verso sinistra, gli dà in mano una banderuola americana ed una puppattola e lo invita a trastullarsi mentre delicatamente gli benda gli occhi. Poi afferra il coltello, chiude la porta di sinistra e collo sguardo sempre fisso sul figlio, va dietro il paravento. Si ode cadere a terra il coltello, mentre il gran velo bianco sparisce come tirato da una mano invisibile. Butterfly scivola a terra, mezza fuori del paravento: il velo le circonda il collo. Con un debole sorriso saluta colla mano il bambino e si trascina presso di lui, avendo ancora forza sufficiente per abbracciarlo, poi gli cade vicino. In questo momento si ode fuori, a destra, la voce affannosa di Pinkerton che chiama ripetutamente:

Butterfly! Butterfly!

poi la porta di è violentemente scossa ed aperto: Pinkerton e Sharpless si precipitano nella stanza, accorrendo presso Butterfly che con debole gesto indica il bambino e muore. Pinkerton si inginocchia, mentre Sharpless prende il bimbo e lo bacia snighiozzando.)

MADAM BUTTERFLY

My tortured brow
Among your curls.
Though you ne'er must know it
'Tis for you I'm dying,
I, poor Butterfly,
That you may go away
Beyond the ocean,
Never to feel the torment when you are older
That your mother forsook you!
O my son, sent to me from Heaven,
Straight from the throne of glory!
Take one last careful look
At your poor mother's face!
That its memory may linger,
Even though it may be dim and faint.
Let not my beauty's ling'ring bloom
Be faded quite!
Farewell, beloved!
Go — play — play.

(Butterfly takes the child, sets him on a stool with his face turned to the left, puts the American flag and a doll in his hands and motions him to play with them, while she gently bandages his eyes. Then she seizes a dagger, and her eyes still fixed on the child, goes behind the screen. The knife is heard falling to the ground, and the large white veil disappears, as though drawn by an invisible hand. Butterfly emerges from behind the screen, the large white veil is round her neck. Tottering, she gropes her way towards the child, and, smiling feebly, has just enough strength to embrace him before she falls to the ground beside him. At this moment Pinkerton's voice is heard outside, on the right, calling repeatedly:

Butterfly! Butterfly!

When the door on the right is violently burst open: Pinkerton and Sharpless rush into the room and up to Butterfly, who, with a feeble gesture, points to the child and dies. Pinkerton falls on his knees, while Sharpless takes the child and kisses him, sobbing.)

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1. Ballo in Maschera, Un Alla vita che t'arride (Brightest hope and fairest pleasure)
2. " " " " Eri tu che macchiavi (It was thou the destroyer)
3. Barbiere di Siviglia, Il Largo al factotum (Hey, for the town's factotum so rare)
4. Don Carlos Ella giammai m'amò (No! she has never lov'd me)
5. " " Per me giunto è il dì supremo ('Tis that day I so long awaited)
6. Don Giovanni Deh, vieni alla finestra (Come, open wide your window)
7. Due Foscari, I Questa dunque è l'iniqua mercede (So my valor and my victories
are crowned)
8. Ernani Oh, de' verd' anni miei (Fair hours of youth and pleasure)
9. Falstaff Quand' ero paggio (When I was page)
10. Figliuol Prodigo, Il .. Raccogli e calma (Calmly, serenely)
11. Forza del Destino, La Son Pereda, son ricco d'onore (I, Pereda, for honor am fated)
12. " " " " Urna fatale del mio destino (Ill omen'd coffer that holds my secret)
13. Germania Ferito, prigionier (I'm prisoner and wounded)
14. " Ascolta! . . . Io morirò (Oh! hear me! . . . Now I must die!)
15. Gianni Schicchi Ah! che zuconi! (Oh! foolish blockheads!)
16. Gioconda, La O monumento! (O mighty monument!)
17. " " Pescator, affonda l'esca (Fisherman, thy bait now lower)
18. Macbeth Pietà, rispetto, amore (Compassion, love and kindness)
19. Nerone Vivete in pace (Abide in peace)
20. " Laggiù fra i giunchi di Genesareth (Behold the marshes of
Genesareth)
21. Otello Credo (Credo)
22. " Era la notte (I lay with Cassio)
23. Rigoletto Pari siamo (Ours are like gifts)
24. " Cortigiani, vil razza dannata (Hated courtiers, accursed, detested)
25. Simon Boccanegra Il lacerato spirito (The broken spirit)
26. Tabarro, Il Nulla! Silenzio! (No one! All is silent!)
27. Tannhauser Wie Todesahnung (Like death's grim shadow)
28. Tosca Se la giurata fede (No, if my plighted fealty)
29. Traviata, La Di Provenza il mar e il suol (Who has banished from your heart)
30. Trovatore, Il Il balen del suo sorriso (Ah! could I behold those glances)

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- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. Aida | Ritorna vincitor (May laurels crown thy brow) |
| 2. " | O Cieli Azzurri (O Skies Cerulean) |
| 3. Ballo in
Maschera, Un | Saper vorreste (If you are asking) |
| 4. Boheme, La | Si mi chiamano Mimi (They call me Mimi) |
| 5. " " | Quando m'en vo soletta (As thro' the streets) |
| 6. " " | Donde lieta (To the Home that she left) |
| 7. Falstaff | Sul fi d'un soffio etesio (From sweet covers and bowers) |
| 8. Gianni Schicchi .. | O mio babbino caro (Oh! my beloved daddy) |
| 9. Gioconda, La | Suicidio (Ah! suicide) |
| 10. Girl of the
Golden West, The | Oh, se sapeste (Oh! you've no notion) |
| 11. Iris | Leggenda: Un di ero piccina (Once in my childhood) |
| 12. Lohengrin | Sogno di Elsa (Elsa's Dream) |
| 13. Madam Butterfly .. | Un bel di vedremo (One fine day) |
| 14. " " | Ancora un passo (Butterfly's entrance) |
| 15. " " | Che tua madre (That your mother should take you) |
| 16. Manon Lescaut ... | In quelle trine morbide (In those soft silken curtains) |
| 17. " " | L'ora, o Tirsi, è vaga e bella (These are hours of joy creating) |
| 18. Mefistofele | L'altra notte in fondo al mare (Last night in the deep sea) |
| 19. Nerone | A notte cupa . . . (When night has fallen) |
| 20. " | Invan mi danni (Thy sentence is useless) |
| 21. Otello | Salce (Willow song) |
| 22. " | Ave Maria |
| 23. Rigoletto | Caro nome (Dearest name) |
| 24. Tosca | Vissi d'arte, vissi d'amore (Love and music) |
| 25. " | Non la sospiri (In secret, hidden from care) |
| 26. Traviata, La | Ah forse è lui che l'anima (Can it be he whose image fair?) |
| 27. Trovatore, Il | Tacea la notte placida ('Twas night and all around was still) |
| 28. " " | D'amor sull' ali rosee (Breeze of the night) |
| 29. Turandot | Signore ascolta (Oh! I entreat thee, Sire!) |
| 30. " | In questa reggia (Within this Palace) |
| 31. " | Tu che di gel sei cinta (Thou who with ice art girdled) |
| 32. Wally, La | Ebben? Ne andrò lontana (Farewell to my home) |

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1. *Africana, L'* O Paradiso! (Oh! land entrancing)
2. *Aida* Celeste Aida! (Heavenly Aida!)
3. *Anima Allegra* E arrivata Primavera ad Alminar (The Spring has come to Alminar)
4. *Boheme, La* Che gelida manina (Your tiny hand is frozen)
5. *Elisir d'Amore, L'* Una furtiva lagrima (Down her pale cheek)
6. *Don Pasquale* Com' è gentil (How pure the air)
7. *Falstaff* Dal labbro il canto (From fervid lips)
8. *Faust* Salut demeure chaste et pure (All hail, abode so pure and lowly)
9. *Gioconda, La* Cielo e mar! (Heaven and Ocean!)
10. *Girl of the Golden West, The* Ch' ella mi creda (Let her believe)
11. " " " Or son sei mesi, che mio padre morì (My father died just six months ago)
12. *Iris* Apri la tua finestra (Open thy window, maiden)
13. *Loreley* Nel verde maggio (Once in the May time)
14. *Madam Butterfly* Amore o grillo (Love or Fancy)
15. " " Addio fiorito asil (Farewell, O happy home)
16. *Manon Lescaut* ... Donna non vidi mai (Never did I behold so fair a maiden)
17. " " Tra voi belle (Now, among you)
18. *Martha* M'appari tutt'amor (Soft and pure, fraught with love)
19. *Mefistofele* Dai campi, dai prati (From the fields, from the groves)
20. " Giunto sul passo estremo (Nearing the extreme limit)
21. *Otello* Dio! mi potevi scagliar (Heaven, had it pleased thee to try me)
22. " Ora e per sempre addio (And now, forever farewell)
23. *Rigoletto* La donna è mobile (Woman's a fickle jade)
24. " Questa o quella (When a charmer)
25. *Tabarro, Il* Hai ben ragione (Yes, you are right)
26. *Tosca* Racondita armonia (Strange harmony of contrasts)
27. " E lucevan le stelle (When the stars were brightly shining)
28. *Traviata, La* De' miei bollenti spiriti (Far from the world of fashion)
29. *Trovatore, Il* Ah! che la morte (Ah! I have sighed)
30. " " Ah, sì! ben mio (Ah! yes, thou'rt mine)
31. " " Deserto sulla terra (Lonely I wander)
32. *Turandot* Non piangere Liù (O weep no more, Liù)
33. " Nessun dorma (None shall sleep tonight)
34. *Villi, Le* Torna ai felici di (Back to the vanished years)
35. *Wally, La* M'hai salvato (You that saved me)

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